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MY STAR.

BY WM. W. LONG.

Just out of reach you shine, my one sweet star,
Just out of reach—oh, God! so near and yet so far.

But you are mine, though I must stand amid the dust,
With dead Hope at my feet, lying in moth and rust.

A GOLDEN PRIZE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "PENKIVEL," "OLIVE VARCOE," "BY CROOKED PATHS," "SHEATHED IN VELVET," ETC., ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER X.

THEY walked to the little hut, and the girl, unlocking the door, ushered them into the front one of the two rooms. It was plainly furnished: a rough table, a couple of chairs, a kind of sideboard, cooking utensils of the rough-and-ready order, and one or two colored illustrations from a magazine, as ornaments for the walls.

"Sit down, sir," said the old man, "and let's look. Here, Nell, your eyes are better, and your hands tenderer, than mine, do 'ee see what's amiss."

Desmond remonstrated, the girl flushed violently, then with downcast eyes she parted the hair and touched a cut the fragment of the rock had made.

He winced slightly, and a thrill seemed to run through her.

Then he laughed.

"Not even a scratch!" he said.

"There is a cut," she said gently, and she got some water in a bowl and bathed the place with her handkerchief.

Her hands were doubtless more tender than her father's huge paws, and there was something inexpressibly soothing to Desmond in their soft, sympathetic touch: he began to think that he was drawing rather large dividends out of his small investment in the heroic.

The old man watched the operation with keen interest, seated on an opposite chair, with his hands spread out upon his knees, almost as if they did not belong to him.

"Bravo, Nellie! blessed if you wouldn't make a regular good sawbones, my gal. How is it now, sir, not a bad 'un, I hope?"

"It is really and absolutely nothing," said Desmond cheerfully; "and I am ashamed to let Miss Nellie take so much trouble."

"Best let 'un be," said the old man philosophically. "It's easing her mind by way of thanking you; and now—meanwhile," he looked round the hut, "we might, just to pass my time away, seeing as she's amused, take a drink. Nell, where did 'ee put the basket?"

"Outside the door, father," she said, in a very low voice.

"Right!" he said cheerfully, and hoisting himself from his chair, as if by the aid of heavy and complicated machinery, he went out and returned with a small basket, neatly covered with a snow-white cloth, and a stone jar of immense size.

For the life of him, Desmond could not help eyeing the basket intently: he was "very exuremely so much hungry," as the negro said.

"I don't know whether you care for a snack," said the father, taking out a piece of bread with a steak upon it, the two together forming sufficient for an ordinary meal for two persons; "but if you do, why, it's lucky you are here, for Nell and me breakfasted rather early; eh, Nell?"

The girl nodded.

"If I am not robbing you," said Desmond, after watching the production of a similar mass of solid food and four hard-boiled eggs, "I'll take a small piece, for I—yes, I am rather hungry."

"That's right. A man ain't going to die in a hurry, even with a broken head, when his crushing gear's in good order. Take it, and eat what you can; I reckon there's enough here for us, and more."

By this time Nellie had washed the wound—it was slight, the blow, not the cut, having caused the swoon; and gone to the door of the hut, and stood looking out to sea.

She made a pretty picture, with her sweet face in its framework of golden hair, and her lithe, graceful figure, and Desmond, who loved to look on a pretty girl—and what man with half a copper farthing does not?—enjoyed the picture as an accompaniment to the bread and steak. Besides, he had saved her life, lightly as he had treated his performance, and you don't save a person's life, male or female, without feeling a kind of proprietary interest in them.

"Beer, sir?" said the old man. "Not a teetotaler? Right. And here's your good health, sir, and my life-long gratitude to you for saving what I value above everything on earth (and below it)" he added appropriately, "and that's my Nell," and he glanced towards the girl lovingly.

"We'll drink to Miss Nell!" said Desmond.

The bread was home-made, the steak delicious, the beer was good; he was young and strong, and the color came back into his cheeks, and his eyes sparkled. The old man looked at his frank, handsome face approvingly.

"Yes, sir; you've saved my little girl's life——" he stopped abruptly, "the only child—a motherless child, and——" he stopped again. "No offence if I ask your name. Stop a bit; it's my turn first in duty bound. My name's Wood — Nat Wood; just remember tree; tree, Wood, and there you are; it ain't difficult to remember."

"I'm not likely to forget it, indeed," said Desmond, who thought that he should also be able to recall it if he remembered "steak" as well as "tree."

"Right," said Mr. Wood. "I live on the top of the hill there," and he jerked his big clasp knife over and above his shoulder, "and I'm the owner of this quarry. I am sixty-two years of age, and—and—and I think that's about all," he wound up, after looking about him as if in search of some materials for his biography.

"And now it's my turn," said Desmond, smiling. "My name is"—he paused for an imperceptible second, then, moved by some unknown impulse, gave the name the major had christened him the preceding night—"my name is Clifford Raven—think of a 'crow,' and there you are."

Mr. Wood nodded and laughed approvingly.

"I'm twenty-nine years old," he went on, "and I don't own anything excepting the clothes I stand upright in; not even a tremendous appetite, for I have just lost that!"

The old man's eyes twinkled; it was evident that humor was not lost upon him.

"Right!" he said; "and 'a gentleman'—you forgot that!"

Clifford—we had better call him by the name he has assumed—laughed lightly.

"I'm a rough 'un myself, but I can tell a gentleman when I see him, even when I'm in liquor, which ain't often, I'll admit," said Mr. Wood, taking out a huge pipe and filling it with tobacco of the blackest hue. "No, sir; show me a man for a minute and a half, and let me hear him speak and I'll tell you whether he's a gentleman as easily as I can tell one bit of rock from another. Sir, to you," and he filled Desmond's can again; and now, if I ain't too bold, and things being as you say, what are you going to do—what are you striking out for?"

"I'm making for the next seaport," said Desmond, lighting his pipe and clasping his hands behind his head, "but it doesn't look as though I should get there at this rate."

"Going out somewhere to relatives?"

Clifford shook his head.

"No, I have no relatives abroad, or, for any good purpose, here either."

"For some object, some plan, perhaps?"

"Not the least in the world," was the easy reply.

"Then look here," said the old man, leaning forward and pointing his pipe at him, "no offence if I tell 'ee you're on the foolishest lay that ever was. Going abroad! What with that face and them limbs of yours? What can you do abroad that you can't do better here? It's a pack of nonsense this going abroad for men as has brains and is willing to use them. Why England's bein' drained o' its best blood day after day; the blood as helped to make her while it was here, and is the only thing that weakens her when it is gone! No, Mr. Crow—begging your pardon, Mr. Raven, England can't spare men like you—a gentleman as has the brains to see a poor girl's life in danger, and the only way to save it, and the pluck and the heart to use them means! Abroad! Sink abroad! Australia, 'Merica, Asia, Africa, all of 'em! Stop here, sir!"

Clifford smiled.

"If I hadn't such an appetite I would," he said, "but an appetite is an inconvenient thing when you can't get anything to satisfy it, and that seems to be the case in England just at present."

He knocked the ashes from his pipe, and rose, and the sadness came back into his eyes as he looked round the room.

The old man put out one huge paw, and pushed him gently back into his chair.

"No offence, sir! Sit down a minute! Look here—if England's willing to part with you, I'm not, by jiggers! I know a gentleman when I see him, and I know a man. You're willing to work——"

"Extremely so," said Clifford, smiling.

"Yes—but"—the old man paused—"at what? You're a gentleman; rough work ain't suited to you. And yet—you said some'ut about blasting just now."

"Exactly," said Clifford. "I've been a miner—a silver miner. That's how I came to understand the subject. And as to the rough work, if there is any rougher than that, I don't happen to have met with it as yet."

"Right!" said the old man. "You said that——"

"You went the wrong way to work, according to new ideas, and that by your way an accident might happen any time you blasted; see here"—and in a few lucid sentences he explained his meaning.

It is not necessary to bore the reader with it, but Mr. Wood listened, and beat time with his pipe, and then nodded with keen approval.

"Right!—I see it! And now, Mr. Raven, let's come to business. I said I couldn't spare you, and I mean it. I'm a man of my word, and my word's as good as my bond — because I can't write!—and, in short, if you'd like to stay and manage Wood's Quarry, why, manager o' Wood's Quarry you shall be from this day forth!"

Clifford almost started, but before he could speak the old man held up a huge hand to keep him silent.

"Here is the place at the bottom of earth, so to speak, and yet it is [illegible] there's one side o' it open to the sea freely enough."

As he spoke he waved his hand towards the door, through which the exquisite view of rock and sea was visible.

"It's rough — place and men—though they're honest enough both, to give 'em their due. Early to bed and early to rise is the word, and work while you're at it, play when you've done; my rule through life, sir. And now, as to the salary, says you——"

"I said and thought nothing of the kind," put in Clifford.

"Then I says it for you," retorted Mr. Wood, nothing daunted; "for salary shall we say five-and-thirty shillings a week"—he looked round—"and the cottage? Stop!" for Clifford was about to speak; "if it ain't good enough, and lor' knows it's a poor billet enough for a gentleman, say so, and there's no offence! It's the best I've got, but if there was better I'd give it you! Like to think it over? All right! Step down to the jetty and smoke a pipe——"

Clifford got up.

"There's no need for me to think it over, Mr. Wood," he said; "I accept with gratitude! I was sore at leaving England for—for many reasons——"

There had flashed into his mind, as the old man made the offer, that there was a chance of remaining near—within three miles of—Kate; that he might, perchance, see her again, and his heart had leaped in his bosom.

"For many reasons, I accept, and that most gratefully! As to the terms, they are liberal to a degree! Oh, I know, Mr. Wood, but—but——"

"Well, out with it!" said the old man, eyeing Clifford over the edge of the can.

"But surely you want to know something about me, some character—reference?" and his voice grew rather grave.

The old man set the empty can down with a bang.

"I think as I said I was sixty-two years of age, Mr. Raven, and if a man ain't learnt to know a man's character by the look of his face, why it's a pity he should have wasted so much time on earth! I'll take you at your own reference; and look here, young sir, not being a mole, though I works underground, as you may say, I've a kind of inkling that you'll rather not have you and your doings blathered about the place."

He looked at Clifford's face—suddenly flushed—and nodded.

"Right. Then there's no occasion for me to go and call it out to the town crier. Here you are, all to yourself, in your own cottage, in your own quarry, and your business is your own entirely and nobody else's! Right. And now we'll go over the works."

He hoisted himself up, and caught sight of Nellie. The girl had gone away from the door, but had come back now and again; not listening so much as catching a word here and there.

"Nell," said her father, "here's a bit of news for you. Seeing as we are such careless ijiots, and that it 'ud be dangerous for you to come here—which you're fond of doing, you know—without having somebody to look after you and see as a lump of rock don't smash you, why Mr. Clifford Raven has kindly agreed to stay on so as to be at hand and take you out o' harm's way——"

The girl blushed a deep red that covered her face and neck, shot a gleam from eyes that had become a dark violet, at Clifford, then stood downcast and silent.

"In other words," said Clifford, "your father, taking pity upon a stranger with[illegible] and friendless[illegible]

"Nellie—call her Nellie!" said the old man. "Right. He puts it his way, I put it mine. Nell, but so it is. I introduce Mr. Crow—Raven—the manager of Wood's quarry."

Desmond, without thinking, put out his hand.

Nellie started slightly, her face full of a strange joy, then put her hand in his, it was small and pure as a lily blossom.

"I am very glad," she said in a low voice; then she drew her hand away and sped quickly from the small plateau and disappeared behind a rock.

"Right!" said the old man, with a chuckle. "Don't mind her, Mr. Raven, she's solid rock, though she's shyish. Now, come along."

He half strode, half waddled, like a man out of heavy material, to the centre of the quarry, and putting his hand to his mouth, shouted:

"Hi, boys!"

The men stopped work, stared, then came slowly forward.

"Boys: the new manager, Mr. Crow, from to-day until further notice. You'll find some beer in the cottage; drink his health."

"Aye, aye!" said one, evidently the spokesman of the gang, and with charming promptitude they all made for the stone bottle.

"Hi, you Jim!" shouted Mr. Wood; "come here!"

A lad of about fifteen, who was following the men, turned and came back.

"Put that cottage in order, Jim. You're Mr. Crow's—Raven's——"

"Crow will do," said Clifford.

"You're the manager's boy. Do 'ee understand? Light the fire and keep him comfortable. He's the best hand at cooking a steak or biling an hegg, I know," he said, *sotto voce*, to Clifford. "Now, off with you and do your duty. Right!" he continued as the boy sped away. "Now we'll go down to the jetty."

He tramped away, Clifford by his side.

"My vessel. Got six of 'em. Hi, captain, the new manager! Right! There you are, all settled and done—and how do you like it?"

"I only trust they and you will like me half as well," said Clifford.

"Right! there's my hand. Now you'll want a little time to yourself, I reckon. Jim's your man the whole time. Our village is three miles. I'll send in provisions for a week—and stop it, but o' your celery. Don't be afraid, my lad, and here's half a week's to go on with until——"

Clifford put up his hand, his face red, his eyes suspiciously moist.

"And the people say there are no good men left," he murmured inaudibly, as he thought, but the old man's ears were very sharp.

"Well, it 'ud be a bad world, Mr. Raven, if there wasn't a man left who had heart enough to be grateful to a gentleman for saving his only little gal's life, and the sense to get hold of a good servant, anyhow. Right! Good-morning!

CHAPTER XI.

CLIFFORD was almost bewildered by the sudden and extraordinary change in his circumstances.

With the happy-go-lucky temperament belonging to him, he had, like Mr. Micawber, thought that "something might turn up," but this had "turned up" in so strange a fashion that he could scarcely believe his senses.

He stood and looked from the little heap of silver in his hand to the quarry behind him, and the open sea in front, in amazement.

But for the accident of saving the girl from the falling rock, he would still be tramping on to his unknown destination, penniless and friendless, and at every hour putting miles between him and Kate Meddon.

And now he should remain within three miles of her! The thought made his heart beat and his color come.

Yes, though he should be hidden away below the surface of the cliff, unknown and concealed, he should be breathing the same air, and be within reach of her!

He might never see her again for it was unlikely that anyone would come to Wood's quarry unless they had business there, and he would not go to Sandford and chance meeting the major, and yet it was something to know that he was near to her.

He looked about him and took in the beauty of the scene; perhaps her nearness to it made it seem more beautiful to him; but in simple truth in was a lovely spot.

The quarry itself, with its deep colorings, half artificial, with its jetty at its mouth, the dark rocks, and the blue of the open sea beyond, made a picture which would have filled the soul of a painter with delight; and Clifford had a large slice of the artist's nature.

"Yes, it's lovely!" he exclaimed. "If I had had my choice of a place to work, this is just what I would have chosen—just! But that won't do; Mr. Nat Wood doesn't pay me to laze about and admire the scenery, I'll begin at once."

He went back to the men, who had returned to their toil, and commenced to make himself acquainted with the work.

They were rather sullen or perhaps shy at first, but Clifford's frank, pleasant manner soon told on them, and when in the course of his inquiries, he took up a pick and wielded it as skilfully and vigorously as the strongest of them, their rather natural desire to "heave a rock" at his head abated, and they grew more friendly.

Clifford examined the whole of the quarry, and learnt the relative value of different value of the different kinds of rock, the names of the men, and other details; and at last tired, but all in a glow of delight and satisfaction which every honest man feels when he has earned his supper—whether he has earned it with a pick, or a brush or a pen—he dismissed his men, and wiping the honorable sweat from his brow, walked to the cottage.

It was dusk now and cold, and as he reached the door, a warm glow, as from a big fire, shone through the window.

He opened the door and looked in, then stopped and stared with astonishment.

Had Aladdin and his wonderful lamp been at work there?

The room was swept up and tidied, a big fire burned in the grate, a spotless cloth adorned with a set of tea-things was on the table, a pretty lamp hung from the ceiling, and half a dozen books stood upon the mantel-shelf.

Upon a chair drawn to the fire was a thick travelling rug, and a pair of slippers stood in the fender.

There was also an exasperating smell oozing from the oven, and a large kettle sung itself hoarse on the fire, before which Jim knelt making toast.

"Hallo!" exclaimed Clifford amazedly. "Why, Jim, is this magic or what? How on earth did you manage to accomplish all this? Why you are the cleverest boy I ever met, and would make your fortune as a general servant! Where did you learn the art of doing twenty things at once?—for you must have performed that feat to accomplish all this."

The boy turned his face, which had been toasting as well as the slice of bread, and grinned from ear to ear.

"It warn't me, sir," he said, with a chuckle. "Leastways, I laid the fire, an' I swep' up the room, but Miss Nellie did the rest—but there, dang it all, I warn't to tell 'ee!"

"Miss Nellie!" said Clifford. "It was very, very kind of her! But how did she manage it? I saw nothing going on! Why, it must have been magic after all!"

Jim grinned more widely than before.

"Oh, she's mighty clever, is Miss Nellie, for all she's so quiet like, sir! She and me carried the things down from Mr. Wood's house by the path behind the cottage, and you was at work in the end of the quarry, and couldn't see us. But we had to work hard, we did," he added, with an emphatic nod, "for she says to me, she says, 'Jim, it wouldn't do for Mr. Raven to know what we're about, for he'd think we was taking too much trouble—which we ain't, nothing could be too much trouble for him—and try to stop us.' So we sets to work right hard, and she'd only just finished and scuttled up the path when you came up to the door. But look in the next room, sir," he added triumphantly.

Clifford pushed open a door, and entered the next room. It was a bed-room, which, though by no means luxurious, was the picture of comfort. The bed was a marvel of fleecy blankets and white linen.

There was a carpet on the floor, a washing-stand, and a dressing-table which Clifford saw, as he went up to it, contained all the articles of toilet a man need want, and, in addition, a bunch of single dahlias fit for the dressing-table of a Rothschild.

"Them flowers is from Miss Nellie's own garden," said Jim, peering in, with the toasting-fork in his hand. "She's a great 'un at flowers, is Miss Nellie; but she's a wicked 'un though, for she says, 'If Mr. Raven asks you where they came from you can tell him you picked them, Jim!'"

And he chuckled, as he returned to his work. Clifford felt very grateful.

"Heaven bless all women, from the least [illegible] highest!" he murmured. "The dear [illegible]ing wanted to show me that sh[illegible] thought she owed me her life! And they say there are no good people left! And I suppose I mustn't betray Jim, and thank her! But if you knew how sincerely I do thank you, my child!"

The blue-eyed girl he had snatched from a horrible death was a child, just a good, tender-hearted child to him; no more!

He took off his things, and went in for a wash with an enjoyment which it would be difficult to describe; then as he examined the contents of the dressing-table, he picked up a razor, and gazed at it laughingly.

"Not a bad idea," he murmured. "Yes, I'll take it off!" and, with a smile, he set to work, and in a few minutes the beard had disappeared, and there remained only his moustache.

The alteration in his appearance was so great and marked that he stood with the razor in his hand, and stared at his face in the glass as if he scarcely knew it.

"Good Heavens!" he exclaimed. "Who would believe that it could have made such a difference? I feel as if I were another person! Why, so I am! Last night I was Desmond Carr Lyon, an out at-elbows tramp, to-night I am Clifford Raven, manager of Wood's Quarry! I've not only changed my name, but my appearance! I firmly believe that if I had my hair cut—and I'll get it cut, too!—not a soul who knew Des Carr-Lyon would recognize him in Clifford Raven! Here, Jim," he called.

The boy came in, and stood open-mouthed.

"Well—I'm—danged!" he exclaimed; "if I didn't think it was some other man!"

Clifford laughed.

"Can you cut hair, Jim?" he asked.

"I've done it for some of the men, sir," he replied.

Clifford tossed him a pair of scissors from the table.

"Come on, then," he said, and seated himself.

Jim set to work, awkwardly at first, but Clifford soon dispelled his nervousness, and the thick auburn locks were quickly shorn.

"It do seem a pity though," said the boy, under his breath, when the task was accomplished. "But it makes a sight o' difference, sir, that it do!" and he fell back and stared at Clifford's greatly altered appearance.

As for Clifford himself he burst into a fit of laughing as he surveyed his shorn head and clean shaven chin, and Jim, consoled, returned to the kitchen.

When Clifford, feeling like a king in the matter of comfort, followed him he found some nicely-cooked chops on the table and some really well-brewed tea, a capital loaf, and Devonshire cream.

"Sit down, Jim!" he said, in his pleasant fashion, and he overcame the boy's reluctance and made him draw up, and to Jim's inward astonishment helped him to the best of the chops and gave him the biggest cup.

The fire roared and crackled, the kettle sung, the pretty lamp threw a soft light over the room. It was marvelous! Last night he had slept in a hayloft, to-night he was in a house of his own!

"I wish Miss Nellie could see 'no," said Jim, with his mouth full; "she was so mighty uneasy a thinkin' you wouldn't be comfortable!"

"Miss Nellie need have no such fear," said Clifford. "We are as happy as a couple of sandboys, aren't we, Jim!"

Then suddenly, even as he spoke, the face of Kate Meddon seemed to start from the dimmer part of the room and float towards him, and he put his knife and fork down and sat silent and thoughtful.

Jim finished his tea in silence, opened his mouth as if to speak, then, seeing that his master was "mazed," as they call it in those parts, he quietly got up and left the room.

When he came back Clifford had turned his chair to the fire, and was staring at it with his head resting on his hands.

Jim cleared the things away as quietly as possible, hung about few minutes, then stole out.

For hours Clifford sat and thought, sitting before the fire at times, at others pacing up and down the room smoking furiously.

He had been happy and contented enough until the vision of Kate's lovely face had come upon him; the one face he had ever seen to which his heart had bowed.

Dwelling on it now with a passionate restfulness, and then again trying to drive it from him with wild impatience.

What did it matter to him how beautiful she was? Was she not Kate Meddon, the daughter of the man who had robbed him, the daughter of as vile and worthless old villain as the world could possibly produce?

And if she were not, whatever then could it matter? Who was he?—the tramp of yesterday, the workman of to-day—to dream of this queen among girls, this beautiful, accomplished woman!

"Oh, Kate, Kate!" he murmured, flinging himself in the chair with a heavy sigh; "if I had never seen you! And yet, no; I won't say that! Better to burn and burn with this intense longing to be near you, and see you, and tell you all you are to me, than never to have seen you! What is it the poet fellow says: 'Better to have loved and lost, than never to have loved at all.' But you can't lose what you never had, and I never had you my queen; never had more than the look of your sad, sweet eyes, the music of your sweet, gentle voice! You can never be anything to me but a dream and a longing; nothing more—nothing more!"

All was still outside, save for the strange wail of the curlew. The moon had risen, and touched the waves with silver, and poured a fairy light through the branches of the fire at the quarry's edge.

All was still and motionless, save the soft roll of the waves, and the slow sweep of the night-gull.

But was there nothing else?

Yes; there was something coming down the path by which Clifford had come in time for his deed of heroism.

Slowly it came down in the darkness, then stood on the edge of the rock on which he had stood before he took the leap that was to mean life or death for Nellie—stood quite silent and motionless; and the moon touched it presently, and revealed the slim and graceful figure of a young girl.

She stood with her face turned toward the lighted window of the cottage, her blue eyes forced upon it with a strange, deep look in them.

A look was in the violet eyes so thrilling in its ecstacy of gratitude, and tenderness and wistfulness, that it is a wonder it did not pierce the dull walls and reach the moody man inside, and draw him towards her.

She stood motionless while one could count fifty, and then she stretched out her arms towards him with a gesture of infinite trust and love.

It was Nellie; but as she stood in the moonlight she might have been taken for the Spirit of Maiden Innocence.

Innocence, trembling on the verge of that mysterious river beyond which lies the land of love—and sorrow, and joy, and pain.

CHAPTER XII.

SANDFORD was in a state of excitement at the news. Kate Meddon was engaged to Lord Carr-Lyon! The major went from one house to another with the great tidings, strutting like a turkey cock, and puffing out his chest like a pigeon, and before noon of the day after the major's little dinner, every soul in Sandford was in possession of the fact.

There was not a girl in Sandford who did not envy her. To be the Countess of Carr-Lyon, with a five-and-twenty thousand pounds rent-roll, and houses in three counties of England, to say nothing of Scotland and Ireland!

It was a great "catch," everybody said; but the mothers of the marriageable daughters, who had been angling for his lordship ever since he came to Sandford, shook their heads, and "hummed" and "hawed," and hoped she would be happy, but in the same breath murmured something about Lord Carr-Lyon being rather wild and unsettled; but still they hoped "poor Kate" would be happy, with a little pitying accent on the "poor" which spoke volumes of their own envy of the good fortune which had befallen Major Meddon's daughter.

"The fact is, my dear," said Lady Warner, who was the wife of General Warner, and the principal lady in the place, and a great friend of Kate's, "the fact is my dear, they are all simply mad. Here they have been trying their hardest to get him for their own girls, spending no end of money in dinner-parties, new dresses, and it is all thrown away. And so you are to be a great countess, Kitty!"

And the old lady looked up at Kate, as she stood beside the fire looking down into the flames in grave silence.

Kate turned her great beautiful eyes upon her with a little dreamy smile.

"I am to marry Lord Carr-Lyon, if that's being a great countess," she answered dreamily.

The old lady who had been a fashionable beauty in her time, and seen a great deal of the world, eyed Kitty rather closely.

"You take it very quietly, my dear," she said, with a smile, "You seem less—what shall I say?—surprised and excited than any of us. To me, at any rate, it does seem

rather wonderful—you don't mind my saying that?—you see I have known you ever since the major brought you here, quite a little girl, and you seem almost a girl still to me. Why, it is only the other day, in my mind, that you used to be running about with a hoop! And now you are engaged to marry an earl!"

"It was very nice running about with a hoop," said Kate, with a strange smile,

"I daresay; and it is very nice to be a countess, you'll find," said Lady Warner, with a shrewd nod. "It is nice to have a coronet in one's jewel box, though one does not wear them nowadays, nice to have plenty of money, and horses, and houses, and dresses, and—friends. You will have plenty of friends, Kitty!" she added with a little cynical laugh, "countesses always have"

Still Kate remained silent, looking at the fire with the same thoughtful, dreamy expression in her eyes which they had worn since that night—a week ago—she had promised to marry Lord Carr-Lyon.

The old lady watched her keenly. She had no daughters of her own, and Kate—motherless Kate—had crept in a corner of her worldly old heart.

"I haven't seen much of Lord Carr-Lyon," she said after a pause. "I hope, but of course he is very nice and all that. The major tells me he is very much in love, and he is very generous."

If she expected to see a blush in the pale face she was disappointed.

"Yes, he is very generous indeed," said Kate. "I will show you," and she left the room for a few minutes.

When she returned she carried a morocco-covered box in her hand; and she unlocked it and showed it to the old lady.

"My dear Kate!" exclaimed Lady Warner. "Generous indeed! They are magnificent! Oh, dear! they recall my own early days when I had the best *parts* of the season at my feet—and turned up my nose at them to run away with a poor soldier!" and she laughed and made a little *moue*. "Rubies and pearls were always my favorites; some people pretend that they are too gay, but depend upon it, it's a case of sour grapes with them. Yes, they are magnificent, Kate! And then there are the Caresford diamonds. You have heard of them, I suppose?"

"Yes, Lord Carr-Lyon has told me about them," said Kate indifferently.

Lady Warner eyed her.

"You will have some of the finest jewels in the kingdom, Kate," she said. "But you don't seem to care very much about them?" she added, as Kate put the set of rubies in the box and closed it without a second glance.

"I don't think I care very much for jewelry, Lady Warner," she said.

"You'll grow fond of them in time; everybody does," said her ladyship shrewdly. "But now, Kate, about this ball; that's really what I have come about this afternoon."

"Yes?" said Kate.

"Your father has asked me to play the part of—what shall I say?—hostess and general manageress. I don't care very much about it, and I should like to decline; but, you see, I'm the nearest friend you have got, and I can't refuse my little Kate anything. I don't know that it is quite the proper thing—this ball. I don't fancy it's in accord with strict etiquette. But Lord Carr-Lyon seems bent upon having a house-warming and a ball is as good as anything I suppose."

"Yes, I suppose so," said Kate, as indifferent as if the matter had no connection whatever with herself.

Lady Warner looked at her with the same glance of keen scrutiny.

"Yes. And as he appears to have a sort of distinct objection to get any of the ladies of his own family to play the part, I suppose I must consent to be the hostess on this occasion. It will be a very grand affair, so the major tells me; and I am to ask as many people as I like. Is there anybody—any relations—you would like to have, dear?"

"No," answered Kate; "I don't know that we have any relations—except the bishop——"

"Ah, you'll have him later on," said her ladyship, smilingly.

Once again she expected Kate to blush, but the beautiful face remained pale and set as before.

"And what about this dinner for the servants and workpeople, Kate? Your father says that Lord Carr-Lyon wants to make it quite an open affair and invite all the workpeople in the neighborhood."

"Yes, I think Lord Carr-Lyon said something to that effect," said Kate.

"It is really very kind and generous of him," continued Lady Warner. I suppose all the men who have been at work at Lydcote are to come, and all the servants in the place—really I don't know where to draw the line! Who else is there? Would you like to have men from Wood's quarry, too?"

Kate looked up with a little start as if her mind had been wandering.

"Would I?"

"Yes, would you? Of course, it is to please you that Lord Carr-Lyon is doing all this," said the old lady. "He knows that the surest way of giving you pleasure is to give all these people a treat. You may as well have the quarrymen, I suppose?"

"Very well," said Kate indifferently.

There was a moment or two of silence, then the old lady looked up at her.

"And what about your dress, my dear; have you seen about that?"

Surely that would rouse and interest her, she thought!

But Kate shook her head half apologetically.

"No, I haven't, Lady Warner. I—well, I quite forgot it."

"Quite forgot your dress!" exclaimed the old lady aghast. "Why, my dear Kate, what can you have been thinking of? Why, it will take quite ten days to make it and—Kate," she broke off so suddenly that Kate started, "come out into the light and let me look at you: you stand there where I can scarcely see your face. Come out here," and she pointed a thin forefinger. "What is the matter with you, child? You look and speak as if you were in a dream! Stand there and let me look at you!"

With a smile Kate turned her face to the light.

"I am quite awake!" she said, with a laugh, but the laugh sounded thin and mirthless, and her eyes fell as the old lady scanned her curiously.

"Humph! you look pale and *distrait*, as if—aren't you well, Kate?"

"Quite well," she answered smiling.

"And—happy?" persisted the old lady, her sharp eyes glued to Kate's face.

"And happy," said Kate calmly. "Why should I be unhappy, Lady Warner?"

"I don't know," said the old lady sharply. "Everybody in England regards you as the luckiest girl in the world: you are young, quite beautiful enough, and engaged to an earl. Why should you be unhappy? You are not, you say, and yet—I don't ever remember seeing you look like this before, child!"

Kate laughed, the same thin, hollow laugh, and its sound seemed to strike a chord in the old lady's heart.

She leaned forward and took one of the small white hands: it was cold as ice.

"Kate," she said almost severely, "you are either ill or have something on your mind; which is it?"

"I am not ill: and what should be on my mind, Lady Warner?" said Kate.

The old lady let her hand drop and stared thoughtfully at the fire.

She was looking down the vista of the years since she had known Kate, and trying to remember if at any time there had been any other young man the thought of whom would be troubling her. But she could think of none; there had been plenty who had been in love with Kate, but Kate herself had kept her heart whole.

"I should have known it if there had been anyone, yes, I should have known it," muttered the old lady.

But she looked up with a troubled frown and said hesitatingly:

"Kate, if you had a mother I shouldn't ask the question I am going to ask; but I suppose I've been the nearest approach to a mother you can remember, and I'll ask it. Tell me the truth, please."

Kate looked up with a little spasm of dread and fear in her face, but it passed instantly and left it cool and self-possessed again.

"What is it?" she asked.

"Just this," said the old lady slowly. "Is this engagement one of your own seeking?—of your own free will, Kate."

There was a pause for a second, and Kate's lips quivered in the firelight; then she met the sharp eyes steadily and unflinchingly.

"It is of my own free will, Lady Warner," she replied.

The old lady nodded her head twice.

"Very well, Kate. I thought—" she paused—"I thought you did not look—well—quite happy! But if it is of your own free will—" she paused again, then keeping her eyes fixed on the fire, said in a low voice, "A woman had better throw herself into the sea than marry against her will! I say that, Kate; I, whom everybody thinks a mere bundle of worldliness, and I know what I am saying. I had a narrow escape myself, Kate; it was the very narrowest! There were the two men, one a baronet, the other a millionaire, and I could have had either. Thank Heaven I chose my soldier. He was a poor captain in the line, and though he is a general now, he is still poor; but I have never regretted my choice, Kate, never hankered after the baronet or the man with the money. Kate—" and she looked up suddenly, with a sharp and yet anxious glance—"Kate, child, it is not too late; not even now——"

The color swept over the beautiful face, then left it pale again.

"It is too late!" she said, and her voice sounded dry and strained; "I have given my word, and—and I could not call it back. I do not wish to—I shall marry Lord Carr-Lyon, Lady Warner."

Before the old lady could speak again, the door opened, and the major bustled in. His face was flushed, his small eyes shining; there was an atmosphere of exuberant triumph and satisfaction pervading his whole being.

"Ah, my dear Lady Warner!" he exclaimed, bowing over her hand in his florid manner, delighted to see you—delighted! I thought I should have the happiness of finding you here. Well, been discussing the all important topic with Kate, eh?" and he shot a glance and a smile at Kate, and stood rubbing his hands.

"Yes, we have been talking about Lord Carr-Lyon's ball, major," said the old lady.

"That's right!—that's right!" he said, nodding and smiling. "I have just left Carr-Lyon. You can't imagine how interested and—er—excited he is about it—and very grateful to you, my dear lady; very. 'Tell Lady Warner to spare no expense!' were almost his last words to me. 'Spare no expense; I want to make a big thing of it! Plenty of people and no end of a kick-up!' That was his forcible way of putting it; my young friend is so—er—energetic, you know. I assure you, the way in which he has—er—conducted the alterations at Lydcote is worthy of—er—praise. Money no object—absolutely none! Did Kate show you her handsome present, eh?"

"Kate showed me her rubies, yes, major," said the old lady."

"Splendid!—aren't they? Ah, my dear lady, I think my little girl has been very lucky: though—'pon my word, I must say it, though she's my own child—I think her a fit match for a prince!"

"So do I," said Lady Warner drily.

"Yes; ahem! Yes," he went on glancing at Kate, who had not spoken since he entered; "I've just been up to Lydcote, making some preparations. We are going to have colored lights all down the drive and about the grounds—thousands of 'em; there's to be a big marquee put up for the servants and working people—enormous thing, you know. Oh, no expense is to be spared, I assure you. Lord Carr-Lyon wishes everybody in the neighborhood to—er—participate, so to speak in his happiness," and he glanced at Kate again. "Most liberal-minded young man, my dear lady."

"So it seems," said Lady Warner. "Well then, major, I suppose, as I was saying to Kate, we had better ask the quarrymen to the dinner."

"I should say so, certainly. Ask everybody," replied the major effusively. "But Kate shall decide; Lord Carr-Lyon is desirous of studying Kate's wishes to the fullest."

"Very nice and proper," said the old lady. "Then I'll ask the quarrymen."

"Do, do!" he said, nodding. "It will be a grand affair—workmen's dinner in the morning, and a ball for the gentry at night. Sandford won't know itself, eh?"

"And all in honor of our Kate," said the old lady, rising and putting her hand on her arm.

"Yes, yes! all in honor of my dear child," said the major tenderly, but with his cunning eyes watching his "dear child's" face, rather apprehensively. "She will make a very presentable countess, don't you think, Lady Warner, eh?" and he smiled and nodded.

Kate went out of the room with Lady Warner, and when she had gone, took her own hat and went on to the cliffs.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

SHE: "I confess, William, that your proposal gives me pleasure. It would be foolish to pretend that it does not, yet——" He: "Yet what? What possible objection can you have to becoming my wife? You know that I love you, that I am able to provide for you." "Yes, but I fear I would be but a sorry housewife." "Why so?" "Because I have never been to a cooking-school." "All the better, dearest; all the better." "All the better?" "Yes. You will stay at home and attend to the cooking, instead of wanting to go out and lecture on the culinary art. You are just the kind of a wife I want."

Bric-a-Brac.

"I DON'T CARE."—The fig-tree has no association with the common expression, "I don't care a fig" for the object described. This is figo or fico, not a fruit, but a fillip, or a snap of the fingers. The Italian *far le fiche*—to snap the fingers—gives the key to the contemptuous expression.

MUFFS.—Although muffs are thoroughly feminine, during the reign of Louis XVI. men wore muffs as well as women, and they so large that pet terriers were carried in them. It was probably in that effeminate stage the word muff was applied to a silly fellow, and is more or less used in that connection at the present time.

SALT.—It is thought unlucky to help anyone to salt at the table, and the superstition has given rise to the proverb, "Helped to sorrow." To spill salt is also held to be unfortune; when threatened with ill-luck it was a custom in old times to throw salt over the left shoulder. Houses were salted for luck, and salt was invariably put beside a corpse as well as lighted wax candles.

THE CRICKET.—Many believe, and all have heard it said that a cricket singing in the house is a harbinger of good fortune. It is not always, however, that the crickets are regarded as lucky, and they fare badly in consequence. Some people think that if they are heard in the house it presages a death in the family, and means are at once taken to drive them out. Luckily for the harmless little beast, most of the omens are in its favor. In parts of England it is thought killing crickets will bring bad luck, a broken bone, or some such terrible calamity, and if crickets desert a house, it foretells death.

KILLING HERRINGS.—The gannet birds on the Scottish islands are said to kill more herrings every year than the entire catch of the whole fishing fleet of Scotland. The number thus slain has been estimated at one thousand millions of herrings. The fishermen sometimes use its flesh for bait, and sometimes have a simple plan for capturing the bird. A fish having been fastened to a plank, the wood is floated on the sea. Presently the gannet sights the herring, and strikes at it with great power, driving its beak into the wood and breaking its neck. The gannet's greed is thus often the cause of its death.

THE WORLD'S HORSES.—Russia heads the list with 21,570,000 horses. America takes second place with 9,500,006. The Argentine Republic follows with 4,000,000. Then comes Austria with 3,500 000, and Germany stands fifth with 3,350,000, and France sixth with 2,800,000 horses and 300,000 mules. Britain is seventh with 2,790,000, and Canada eighth with 2,624,000. Next we find Spain with 680,000 horses and 2,300,000 mules. Italy occupies tenth place with 2,000,000, while the last five places are held in the following order: Belgium, 383,000 horses; Denmark, 316,000; Australia, 301,000; Holland, 125,000; Portugal, 88,000 horses and 50,000 mules.

ROSES A LUXURY.—To enjoy the scent of roses at meals, with the ancients, an abundance of roses were shaken on the table, so that the dishes were completely surrounded. By an artificial contrivance, roses during meals descended on the guests from above. Heliogabalus, in his folly, caused roses to be showered down upon his guests in such quantities that a number of them, being unable to extricate themselves, were suffocated in flowers. During meal times they reclined on cushions stuffed with rose leaves, or made a couch of the leaves themselves. The floor, too, was strewn with roses, and in this custom great luxury was displayed. Cleopatra, at an enormous expense, procured roses for a feast which she gave to Antony; she laid them two cubits thick on the floor of the banquet-room, and caused nets to be spread over the flowers in order to render the footing elastic. Heliogabalus caused not only the banquet-rooms, but also the colonnades that led to them, to be covered with roses interpersed with lilies, violets, hyacinths, and narcissi, and walked about upon the flowery platform.

Is there a happily married woman in the land who does not think back with a cold chill upon the time when she weighed the proposal, tacit or spoken, of some sighing suitor, whose life since that time has skirted so near to the edge of the pit that his hapless family has come into its very atmosphere? Nine times out of ten the counsel or the opposition of parents turn the scale, and daughters live to thank them in heart, though they may never voice the emotion.

A SUMMER MEMORY.

BY SUSIE M. BEST.

O, that last, last night at the seaside
When you wandered away with me,
Away from the crowd of dancers
Down to the solemn sea!

And, oh, the lilt of the music
That rippled across the air,
And the gleaming lights in the distance,
And the breath of the salt breeze there!

The sullen roar of the ocean,
The white capped waves afar
The swish of the nearer waters,
As they broke around the bar!

Oh the sobbing notes of the nightwind
As it swiftly fled along
And half oppressed our bosoms
With the sadness of its song!

And, oh, the words you uttered,
What time your lips sought mine,
And, oh, the joy that thrilled us
With bliss well-nigh divine!

Round and round went the dancers
In the distant dancing hall,
And on and on throbbed the music,
With a rhythmic rise and fall.

The hours fled swifter, swifter,
But still we lingered there
Till the lights in the distance faded,
And the music died on the air.

GRISELDA.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "BETWEEN TWO STOOLS," "THE NEW SCHOOL," ETC.

CHAPTER IV.

THE weary winter days go on; there is only a week of February left.

Goll's letters are short, uncertain, vague, indefinably anxious and reserved. That a decision of some sort must shortly be arrived at, he does not seem to doubt; it is only that he has ceased to express himself with the old confidence as to the probable nature of that decision.

"Griselda," says Katherine one afternoon as I am drawing on my gloves in our joint bedroom, "how can you be so cheerful? I sometimes think you ought not to be so cheerful."

"Oh, Katherine," I cry remorsefully, "do you think I am not sorry for you all?"

"It is your own affair as much as ours, poor little Grizel."

"Ah, but I have my work. You can have no idea what a consolation it is! I am afraid it makes me appear unfeeling."

"This dreadful suspense!" says poor Katherine, pacing the squalid room. "Griselda, how can you bear it?"

"I put it out of my head, Katherine."

"You put it out of your head?" cries my sister; "you are a wonderful philosopher for your time of life!"

"Katie," I say impetuously, "I hate to think of it. I never think of it when I can help. It hurts my pride to feel that everything depends on a mere turning up of the cards. We can do something ourselves with our own lives."

Katherine looks at me with her sad, beautiful eyes.

"Grizel," she says, "I believe you are a good girl—I am sure you are a brave one. But you are very young. I am not old myself, you will say; but I know that fighting with Fate, as you would put it, is a hard battle; that the victory is very uncertain,"

"Is any fight worth fighting which is not hard, or where victory is certain, Katherine?"

"Oh, Grizel, you are a child! You cannot understand," cries my sister, resuming her march up and down the room; a tall, slender figure, which even the shabby gown and sordid surroundings cannot deprive of its queenly grace.

I go downstairs very sorrowfully, and make my way into the street with a guilty sense of pleasant expectation which it is impossible entirely to repress.

Why will one part of my heart persist in feeling happy while the other is aching for my people with all its might?

Goll may lose his suit, we may all be reduced to beggary, but the sun will shine as brightly as ever, the first pulses of spring will not cease to beat in one's blood; kind voices will cheer us with friendly words, kind eyes will continue to smile upon us; there will be many things worth living for left in the world.

To-night I am going to tea with the Fairfaxes. It is tacitly understood among us that I shall accept Miss Fairfax's invitations without scruple.

I have passed many happy, peaceful hours in the cosy, firelit parlor in the High Street, and have grown to regard the brother and sister in the light of friends.

On their part they are perfectly kind and natural, and accept without comment the strict reserve which, alas! I am obliged to maintain with regard to my circumstances and family.

I pass a delightful evening with my friends, and at nine o'clock Cousin Jack walks home with me as usual.

"If I believed in presentiments," I observe, as we go up the street, "I should say something was about to happen."

"But don't believe in them," he answers; "things are very well as they are. 'No news is good news,' is it not?"

"I am a Kelt, Mr. Fairfax, and even in the nineteenth century we Kelts cling to our superstitions."

"Have you seen a Banshee, Miss MacRonan? That's good Irish, isn't it?"

I laugh with open scorn.

"One doesn't see Banshees, Mr. Fairfax; one hears them! They come wailing—wailing over marsh and moor on dark nights. Oh, it's enough to make your blood run cold! There's one at Romantown, and sometimes——"

I stop short and become violently interested in the red-glass lamp of the Welby doctor's surgery.

"Good-night," says my escort presently, taking my hand and looking down at me with those kindly, humorous eyes of his; "and please don't have any more presentiments."

We are standing on the doorstep of my dwelling, and Cousin Jack begins to struggle with the ineffectual bell as he ceases speaking.

Mrs. Price greets me with some excitement as I enter the gloomy hall.

"It came this very minute, miss," she says; "I was just about to take it up to your mamma."

"What is it, Mrs. Price?"

She lays her hand solemnly on my arm, leads me to the solitary paraffin lamp, and thrusts something thin and soft into my fingers.

A bit of yellow paper, a neat little envelope, a telegram addressed to "Mrs. MacRonan."

In these days of frequent telegraphing that is not enough to fill any sensible mortal with alarm.

Perhaps not; only something tells me that I hold our fate folded up in this harmless-looking missive.

With a careless word to Mrs. Price I go slowly upstairs; my heart beats with strange rapidity, my head is in a whirl; the dreary little group round the sitting-room fire exclaims with one voice on my entrance:

"My dear Griselda, has anything happened?"

"Griselda, are you ill?"

"Have you seen a ghost, Grizel?"

"This will never do," I think, and answer with as much indifference as I am able: "I came upstairs rather quickly. I am out of breath, that is all. By-the-by, mother, this has just come for you."

My mother's face grows white to the lips; her hand trembles as she takes the telegram from mine and lays it down in silence on the table.

"I think it would be as well to open the telegram," cries Pat, with a fine assumption of masculine commonsense, and laying his hand on Katherine's shoulder, who sits, white and motionless, bringing her needle repeatedly through the same point in her work.

"You had better open it, Patrick," says my mother, shading her eyes with her hand.

He breaks it open deliberately, extracts the scrap of pink, scrawled paper and proceeds to read the message:

"'From Gerald MacKonan to Mrs. MacRonan, Eden Street, Welby.

"'The verdict has just been given in our favor. Thank God, all is over. I shall be with you to-morrow sharp at twelve o'clock."

Dead silence for a minute; the next, my mother is sobbing in Katherine's arms.

* * * * * *

"I like old Goll's caution," cries Patrick, who is pacing the room with a radiant face and shining eyes. "It's a case of the ruling passion strong in death: 'Gerald MacRonan to Mrs. MacRonan!'"

"My dear boy," says my mother anxiously, "pray do not relax our caution. We shall only be here a few days longer, I suppose; there is no need to let any one into our secrets."

It is twelve o'clock, and though we usually go to our rooms as the clock strikes ten, to-night not one of us seems to have the remotest recollection of bed.

"Oh, mother," says Katherine, "I may say it now, may I not? I have hated it all so dreadfully."

"I will confess," answers my mother, with unusual emphasis, "that these last months have been to me a time of terrible unhappiness."

"Horrid little place!" cries Katherine, who looks ten times handsomer than she did this morning; "horrid street, horrid room, horrid magenta cloth and horsehair chairs!"

"This outburst is very unusual in a person of your staidness," remarks Patrick; and I feel bound to protest: "Poor little fright of a Welby! It's unkind to abuse it for what it can't help. I daresay it has its good points; if one only knew!"

"I believe Grizel has rather enjoyed herself!" says Pat; "she always was fond of adventures."

"I hope you girls will be presented at an early Drawing Room," says my mother; "I was eighteen when I was introduced."

"And we are quite passees, are we not, Katie? You are actually twenty-two and I am twenty," I answer flippantly.

"Girls are allowed to be older in these days," announces Pat; "Goll said so himself the last time he was here."

"I wonder where we shall live," says Katie, and my mother answers: "It is many years since I was in London; but Grosvenor Square always seemed to me the most charming place to live in."

"Of course we shall go to Ronantown for the hunting?" says Pat; "at least, when that wretch of a tenant has had his three years."

"Oh, for a 'real good' gallop," I remark sleepily, stretching my arms and giving a great yawn. "Good-night, mother; I hope this is not all a dream, but I feel by no means sure."

"Bird of ill-omen, cease thy croaking," cries Pat in his most wide-awake tones as I go from the room, candle in hand. But, in spite of that yawn, I am unable to sleep when I get to bed.

Is it that visions of the brilliant future are dancing before my dazzled imagination?

Am I dreaming waking dreams of pearls and presentation gowns; of Grosvenor Square and Buckingham Palace; of dances in great houses with handsome, light-heeled partners?

Strange to say, I am thinking of none of these things.

To say that I am thinking at all would be to give too definite a name to the vague mixture of regret and surprise which fills my breast; regret, for the life of labor and struggle, which already seems to lie far behind me; surprise, at my own sensations, at the recollection of the false ring in my own gaiety which has jarred upon me all the evening, though my family have seemed quite unaware of it.

The door opens and Katherine's entry puts an end to my reverie. Her face is flushed, her eyes are shining like sapphires; she steps with light, elastic tread, very different from the weary, lagging pace she has fallen into during these few latter months.

She falls on her knees by the bedside, and bends her beautiful, glad face towards me.

"Grizel," she cries, "you have been braver than I. I have been a coward! I am ashamed of myself."

"It wasn't courage on my part, Kitty. It was simply that I never hated it as you did."

"Oh yes, I have hated it! It has hurt me and humbled me; sometimes I have wished to die."

"Poor Kitty! and now everything is turning out well like events in a novel."

"Ah, but those events with which novelists chiefly occupy themselves are yet to come!"

This is very flippant indeed for Katherine, and I stare at her in astonishment before I turn round and go to sleep.

CHAPTER V.

WE are all restored to our sober senses the next morning, and take our seats at the breakfast table with a subdued radiance, very different from the light-headed rapture of the previous evening.

"I am going to my work as usual," I announce, as I make my entrance on the cheerful scene; "I want to say good-bye to Jo and Charlotte. They are not very nice children, but I have a sort of liking for them."

"Goll will be here before you have returned," objects Katherine.

"I don't mean to hide anything from Goll. And it is more polite to explain to Mrs. Watson in person the reason of my abrupt departure."

"What are you going to tell her, Grizel?"

"I shall tell her we are obliged to suddenly leave Welby."

"She will probably question you, after the manner of her kind."

"Oh, I will be very cautious, Katie; and then no more caution for the rest of one's life!"

I go down Eden Street; up the High Street; past Boulter's Bank, where young Boulter throws me a nod, half sulky, half impertinent, from the doorstep; past number fourteen; and onwards to the villa.

Mrs. Watson is surprised and annoyed at my news; she considers she had a right to expect longer "notice."

Am I aware that, in the eye of the law, I am not entitled to the fraction of my salary due to me? Do I know that it is only because of her clemency that I am destined to receive it? Can I not possibly manage to give Margaret her singing-lesson this afternoon?

I submit to these remarks with a meekness eminently becoming in a young governess, and promise to return at four o'clock for a final lesson with Miss Watson.

Patrick opens the door to me when I get home, and putting his arm round my waist compels me to join him in a waltz across the impossible little passage.

"Pat," I cry breathlessly, "is he here?"

"He is," answers my brother, drawing me to a seat beside him on the bottom stair. "And I say, Grizel, he knows everything about you."

"I am so glad! And how did he take it?"

"For a moment his cheek blanched; his lip quivered. All the blood of all the MacRonans began to boil audibly in his veins. But fortunately the general good-humor has influenced even his frigid breast. I believe, my dear, you are to be forgiven."

We scamper upstairs together and enter the sitting-room. I precipitate myself into the arms of a tall person, who steps forward to meet me.

"My dear, darling Goll!"

"Little rebel," he says, kissing me several times; then holding me from him and looking down at my face: "Strong-minded young woman; what have you to say for yourself? Well, you haven't spoiled your complexion, at any rate, which makes it comparatively easy to forgive you. Why, Grizel, you are prettier than ever!"

"And you—you are beautiful, Goll!"

"The MacRonan mutual admiration society. Am I eligible as a member?" inquires Patrick with scorn.

"I shall certainly black-ball you," I cry, nodding at him from the shelter of Goll's strong arms.

Gerald MacRonan, Viscount Goll, is, I firmly believe, the most beautiful person in the United Kingdom. As he stands there, tall and strong, in the little room, his incongruity with his surroundings comes comes out to a startling degree.

We all take our seats at the table. The extreme resources of Welby have been taxed to produce a luncheon worthy of our guest.

There are roast chicken and early peas, a Perigord pie from the grocer's, and two bottles of champagne—not from the grocer's.

"Well, mother, what do you say to leaving this charming spot on Monday, the day after to-morrow?" asks Goll, who sits at the head of the table and carves with great splendor.

She turns her proud, glad eyes to his face. "Just as you like, my dear boy. The question is, where are we to go?"

"We had better go straight to London. There is a furnished house to be had in Clarges Street, which might do for the present. Lady Shannon told me of it. She kindly gave me permission to telegraph to her in the event of your consenting to take it. She will secure it and have it made ready."

"How exceedingly kind of Lady Shannon."

"Every one has been remarkably kind," answers Goll, who has a fine unconsciousness of his own charms. "People from whom one had no right to expect it have shown us the greatest consideration. Then I may telegraph?"

"Certainly, my dear boy. The girls and I had better get everything in London."

"I shall at once seek the embrace of Mr. Smallpage," announces Pat; "I shall go straight from the station to his Temple of the Graces."

"Goll," I say, "are we very rich?"

He considers a moment.

"In these days of Sir Georgius Midases I don't think we are what is called 'very rich.' We have the means, and more than the means, of living according to our position. Have you grown mercenary, Grizel?"

"Grizel is a Socialist," cries Pat; "she would like to distribute the family funds among the deserving poor. She is a person of views."

Goll laughs.

"Ah, London is the place for views. You will have plenty of opportunity for airing your theories, Grizel."

"And if one hasn't any theories to air? Katherine, just take away Pat's glass. The champagne is having a bad effect on his over-excited brain."

A chorus of protest greets me when I announce my intention of going to the Watsons' in the afternoon.

"I feel that Mrs. Watson has been badly used," I say in explanation. "Clearly, I ought to have told her, when she engaged me, that my sudden departure was probable."

To my surprise, Goll is inclined to take my part. "There is something in what you say, Grizel. Noblesse oblige."

Miss Watson goes through her lesson rather sulkily, asks me a few pointed questions on the subject of my departure from Welby, and informs me that her mamma will see me in the morning-room.

As I make my way across the hall a confused noise of merriment reaches me, from the direction of the schoolroom.

The unmistakable shrill tones of Jo and Charlotte fall upon my ear, mingled with a fuller, deeper sound—the sound of a man's voice, of a voice that I know.

"Cousin Jack, Cousin Jack," is borne across to me, "swing me; it's my turn now, not Lottie's."

I turn the handle of the morning-room door and find myself in the presence of Mrs. Watson.

When she has written me out my meagre little cheque (of which, by-the-by, I feel remarkably proud) she takes both hands in hers, and draws me towards her, and imprints a sounding kiss on my forehead.

"Good-bye, my dear, and good-luck go with you. We're all sorry to lose you; and I was a little short this morning, but naturally I was vexed at being left in the lurch as it were. However, I'm not saying it's your own fault, Miss MacRonan."

"Good-bye, Mrs. Watson. I shall often think of you all, and of Welby."

She goes with me into the hall, whither the children and Cousin Jack have migrated. Mr. Fairfax comes across and shakes hands with me, and the children fling themselves on me with expressions of farewell.

"Joey, open the door for your governess," says his mother. The child sets to struggling with the door-fastening.

"Never mind, Jo, I can do it myself," I say, in a voice full of suppressed indignation; there is a choking sensation in my throat, my eyes smart, my hands tremble. "To stand there like that, and never a word of farewell! Cousin Jack, are you no better than the rest of the world? You lazy, strong man, to let me struggle with this big, heavy door! Oh, I hope you are feeling ashamed!"

From the open door of the morning-room behind comes the very audible sound of Mrs. Watson's voice:

"Ah, poor thing, it's a difficulty of some sort or other, I'll be bound. Jack, you mark my words, there is something fishy in that direction."

I shut the door and dash down the tall white steps into the dusky garden. Two

great tears have forced themselves into my eyes, and are stealing slowly down my cheeks.

Down between the laurels I go, with a tread to which anger lends its buoyancy; my head held very high, my eyes very wide open.

The big iron gates of the garden are closed. I stand fumbling vaguely with the heavy latch.

Footsteps are coming down the gravel behind me—quick, firm footsteps; in another moment a voice is in my ear: "Miss MacRonan, allow me to help you."

We pass out together, in silence, on to the twilit road.

"Miss MacRonan, what is this I hear about you?"

"Ah, and what have you been hearing, Mr. Fairfax?"

"That you are going away!"

"It is certainly true. Will your sister be at home to-morrow afternoon?"

He does not answer. He stops short in the road and seizes both my hands in his.

"Griselda, will you stop here with me for a while?"

The blood rushes to my head; there is a loud singing in my ears, a mist before my eyes; my only answer is a little gasping sob.

"It isn't much I have to offer you, my dear. I am older than you, I am a dull fellow; but I will make you happy, I will make you happy, Griselda!"

He draws me towards him, closer, closer; the brown eyes look down into mine:

"I will take such care of you, my darling; my brave, little girl."

Hitherto I have remained as one spell-bound; at these words a little, sharp cry breaks from my lips. I struggle to free my hands from his.

"Mr. Fairfax, pray, do not!"

The tears are streaming down my face; my hands tremble and flutter in his grasp.

"Griselda, I can't let you go!"

"Oh, it is impossible! You are asking what is impossible!"

"Griselda, I can't go away from you with that answer. Perhaps you don't love me well enough:—I don't 'expect that. But you shall love me one day; you shall, indeed!"

"Mr. Fairfax, you don't understand. It is not a—personal matter with me by no means."

"Not a personal matter, Griselda?"

"There is a—family complication!"

To my great surprise he greets this solemn announcement with a short laugh. He lets go my hands, lays his own on my shoulders, and looks down at me with shining eyes.

"What has that to do with you and me, Griselda? We are not a family complication, you and I. I want you, Griselda, you, yourself. I shall always hold it the greatest honor, as well as the greatest happiness of my life, if you will come to me."

His hands drop to his side; his voice, which has vibrated as with a very passion of tenderness, dies away; we stand facing one another in silence.

What can I say? What is there for me to say? This generous heart is offering everything—home, shelter, a boundless treasure of love—to the little waif, the little lonely Irish girl; and she, forsooth, turns away in denial from the good gift!

A sudden pathetic, humorous sense of the ludicrousness of the situation comes over me; I begin to laugh hysterically.

"Griselda!" he cries, hurt, shocked, "is that all you have to say to me?"

In an instant I am sober again.

"Mr. Fairfax, how can I ever thank you for your noble kindness, for your generosity? But I must not, I have no right to take what you offer. It would be wrong, wicked!"

A vision of Goll's angry, haughty face rises before me; another vision of those joyful faces round the fire in Eden Street. Is it for me to mar their long-deferred happiness?

"Griselda," cries Cousin Jack rather hoarsely, "can you expect me to accept such an answer? Say: 'Jack, I do not love you; I never can love you as long as I live; I do not want your love.'"

My heart beats wildly. Oh, what is this strange, keen joy stealing in upon the misery, the anguish, which fills my heart?

"Mr. Fairfax," I say, trying to control my unsteady voice, "why do you want me to say things which would be cruel and—untrue? I love you, I shall always love you, as the kindest, truest friend a woman has ever had. And what you have said to me makes me very proud as well as very sorry."

My voice dies away; I turn abruptly and set off walking down the lonely road. In an instant he is at my side.

"Griselda," he says in an altered voice, "am I too late? Is there some one who has already won this great happiness? Ah, I might have guessed!"

"Oh no, no! there is no one, no one at all!"

"A longing to tell him everything, to repay his generosity with the honesty which at least is its due, comes over me. But the thought of Goll, of his injunctions, of his labor in our behalf, restrains me. I am torn in two.

"Mr. Fairfax," I cry, "be merciful! Don't ask me again. It is more than I can bear!"

"Can you give me no better answer, Griselda?"

"No, no. Oh, I know I must appear foolish, thoughtless. I know some explanation is due to you, but I can give you no explanation."

"Then I have asked for too much, Griselda. You will not trust me with your happiness?"

"I cannot!"

We walk on in silence. I cannot see the kind, sad face in the gloom; but I know—ah, how well!—how it looks.

"Is this to be the last time!" he says as we stand together before the door of the house in Eden Street.

By the light of the street lamp I can see his pale face as it bends over me; the hurt look in the beautiful eyes stabs my heart likes a knife.

"May I come and see your sister to-morrow afternoon?"

"Come. I will leave you in peace, only let me say this: if, at any time, there is anything I can do to serve you, it will be my greatest happiness to do it. If you are in trouble, if you need help, there is always one person to whom you can apply. Griselda, there will be nothing too hard for me to do for you. Will you promise to ask me for help? Will you please promise, Griselda?"

"I promise."

Without another word, we part. Like a person in a dream, I make my way upstairs to the landing, where Goll confronts me, pale and stern, outside the sitting-room door.

"Griselda," he says, "with whom were you talking outside the street door?"

"With Mr. Fairfax."

"And pray who may 'Mr. Fairfax' be?" (with cold contempt).

"He is a friend of mine."

"Then I presume he is a friend of your family?"

"He is my friend alone."

"You can have no friends who are not also those of your family."

I open the sitting-room door and walk in. Goll follows me, his eyes blazing with anger.

"You have no right to walk about the public streets with a man who can be nothing more than a casual acquaintance, and your own inferior," he says quite stormily.

"My inferior!"

I laugh a little.

"Goll, I decline to argue this matter with you; you think perhaps you know a great deal about life, about the world; I say, you know nothing at all about human beings. And you to laugh at these provincials—Oh, Goll, that is almost amusing!"

"Griselda," cries my poor mother, "surely you are forgetting yourself. Your brother has given you no cause to speak so to him."

"Mother," I answer, turning towards her, "why don't you speak; why don't you tell Goll the truth? Mr. Fairfax is my friend. Oh, I am proud of my friend! He has helped me through these dark days with his kindness; it has been no secret, mother. Before we knew what was to happen, when things were beginning to look desperate, you were glad enough, all of you, yes, glad, that I had found these kind people——"

"Griselda!" cries my brother, stepping forward and laying his strong hand across my wrists, "do you know what you are saying? Do you know what insults you are offering your mother?"

Our angry eyes flash to one another's.

"Goll," I cry, "it is your fault, yours. Let me go, let me go! You are hard, ungrateful!—and I had made this sacrifice for you——"

I do not know what I am saying; wresting my hands from his grasp, I fly from the room, up the stairs, to the shelter of my little bare garret.

"Oh, Goll," I sob, as I lie face downwards on the bed; "after what I have done for you, after that I have given up for your sake! Oh, Jack, my kind, noble, generous friend, I have hurt you, I have done you wrong. But you are not the only person who is hurt, who is wronged! Jack, my darling, I love you! I love you! I love you!

CHAPTER VI.

IT is all over the place. How the secret has oozed out, nobody knows, whether through our own imprudence, or our landlady's eavesdropping propensities, is uncertain.

The pork-butcher next door touches his hat to Patrick and calls him "My Lord," to his immense delight; whenever one of us appears at the window, the little dressmaker opposite rushes to her wire-blind and stares over it at the illustrious apparition. (Fortunately it is Sunday, and it is to be hoped that this "hindering of needle and thread" will not have any very serious consequences.) Mrs. Price curtsies deeply whenever she meets us on the stairs; Jane, the maid-of-all-work, eyes us open-mouthed, as she brings in the matutinal bacon. Pat, returning from an early stroll, reports the unmistakable signs of interest which have everywhere followed his usually obscure progress; he had never believed himself to be one of the people destined to wake and find themselves famous; henceforward he will put faith in Beaconsfield and the unexpected.

"It really is no joking matter," frowns Goll, who is deeply vexed. "This staying in Welby has been an unfortunate business from beginning to end. But I did not see, at the time, what other arrangement to make. All our choice lay in a choice of evils."

As for me, I say nothing at all—I am in disgrace, and sit at Goll's elbow with my eyes on my plate.

Breakfast passes off rather gloomily. Reaction has set in after our previous course of high spirits, and we are beginning to realise that even a hundred and fifty thousand dollars a year has its troubles. After breakfast I am taken solemnly aside and forgiven.

I apologize to my mother, and Goll kisses me on my forehead, in a baptismal sort of way.

Katherine and my mother decline to face the curious gaze of the Welby public, and Patrick announces his intention of taking what he calls a Sabbath holiday.

So Goll and I set off together for church; I, trotting along meekly enough at his side, with a lurking, ludicrous feminine sense that all the wrong has not lain in one direction in spite of that magnificent forgiveness.

All eyes are directed towards us, not only on our entrance, but also (alas for Welby piety!) throughout the service.

Even my own insignificance fails to pass unnoticed, and Goll creates a positive furore among the feminine part of the congregation.

I cannot help observing these things, for while my brother goes through the business of devotion with the solemnity and thoroughness which characterize his every action, I find it impossible to concentrate my attention on my Prayer-Book, and my heavy eyes stray aimlessly about the church from beginning to end of the service.

There is the usual smart, perfumed crowd at the door as we make our way from the church.

I follow meekly in Goll's stately footsteps, rather abashed by the extremely frank unreserved staring to which we are subjected, and which my brother treats with the genuine indifference of ignorance.

Margaret Watson gives me a nod, half-resentful, half admiring; young Boulter, who is with her, grows red to the eyes, and raises his hat in a sheepish, grudging fashion, very different from his normal jauntiness.

Jo and Charlotte are to be heard from afar, loudly discussing what seems to be the all-important topic in Welby, though their small persons are not visible in the throng.

"Her brother's a duke, and her mother's a duchess!" proclaims Lottie.

"And she's a princess!" cries Jo.

"What nonsense! She's only a mere countess."

"She's a very grand person anyhow. Almost as grand as the Queen."

I pass on beyond the sound of their voices. I do not even smile. I have no smiles left to-day, not even in the midst of so much which is absurd.

There is one thought buzzing in my brain, a little thought, but it leaves no room for any other; it has buzzed, buzzed all the morning "like brain-flies"—it never ceases for a moment.

"Does he know? What will he think?"

We are passing the Congregational Chapel, which stands at the top of the High Street, and the people are streaming out through the narrow entrance.

I can see Miss Fairfax's ugly bonnet and respectable black silk as they make their way through the crowd, and behind them comes a tall person in a tall hat—Cousin Jack, in all the ill-cut glory of his Sunday clothes.

Does he know? Something in the pale face tells me—Yes.

What does he think? Ah, if I only knew!

"Hadn't we better cross the road to make room for these good chapel-going folk," says unconscious Goll with condescension.

"Oh, never mind," I answer hurriedly; too nervous to know what I am saying. Miss Fairfax has been detained on the door-step by a friend; the two old ladies stand chatting amicably in the sunshine; Jack waits patiently by her side, looking in front of him gloomily enough.

Across the heads of the little crowd our eyes have to meet.

Only for an instant; the next I have turned away my face and am hurrying on with my brother.

I have cut Mr. Fairfax dead.

"Goll, Goll," I cry; "do you know what I have done?"

"What on earth is the matter with you, Griselda? Are you going into hysterics?"

"Goll—you saw that tall man, with the beard; and—the eyes!"

"He stared at us with more than the usual impudence—if that is the fellow you mean."

"It was Mr. Fairfax!"

"Indeed, Griselda."

"And—and I cut him dead!"

Goll gives vent to a few feeble generalities on the subject of my sex.

"You may not be aware," he says with irony, "that, to a lady, there are medium courses open between cutting a man dead and walking about the streets with him at night.

"Goll, it was all your fault!"

"Are you crying in the street, Griselda," he goes on, suddenly changing his tone, "do you know what inference, what shocking inference, it is almost impossible not to draw from your conduct of to-day and of last night?"

"I don't know! I don't care! Let me go, Goll; don't hold my arm like that! What! You won't let me go!"

"I certainly should be sorry, to detain you by force," he says, dropping my arm coldly. "Griselda, I am deeply shocked!"

But I do not heed him; I scarcely hear his voice; I am conscious of nothing but a pale face, and questioning brown eyes, an avenging phantom floating before my tear-dimmed vision.

Without a word I turn from my brother, and strike off in an opposite direction. He follows me, white and angry.

"Where are you going, Griselda?"

"Let me go, Goll; I am only going across the meadows. Let me be alone a little or I shall say things I shall be sorry for. I will be back by two o'clock."

Slowly, reluctantly, he turns away. I tear down the little narrow street with aimless haste, the little street which leads to the flat fields and dull-hued hedgerows which surround the town.

I sit down on a solitary stile, heedless of the cold wind, which blows my hair about and makes my nose red. The sense of discomfort consoles me; I feel it is no more than I deserve. Foot-steps come up the path behind me—slow, sauntering footsteps; a few paces from the stile they come to a sudden stop.

I turn my head, and see—Mr. Fairfax. He is standing quite still. Our eyes, which are about on a level, meet in a long look.

"Mr. Fairfax," I say, impotently.

He raises his hat and smiles.

"Do you want to pass?" I say, with my head still turned towards him over my shoulder.

He swings himself over the stile, disregarding the aid of the step, and stands facing me.

"Miss MacRonan, I believe I have to congratulate you!"

"It would be more appropriate for you to box my ears!" I think; but I say: "What do you think of me, Mr. Fairfax? Do you know I cut you in the street just now?"

"Oh!" he says, with a little smile, "did you?"

I feel horribly, cruelly, and, I may add, deservedly snubbed; the blood rushes to my face.

"I didn't think very badly of you, Griselda. I—I understood that you might feel—afraid of me after what I said to you yesterday."

"We are like people talking in a different language," I think; "how could he ever understand my mean and base jargon!"

A rush of love and yearning and regret comes over me.

"Cousin Jack, will you marry me?"

He comes nearer and looks into my face. A strange mixture of wistful tenderness and humor lies in his eyes.

"Oh no, Griselda," he says, and shakes his head, and smiles a little.

I get down from my stile and turn away from him.

"You—you are very cruel to me," I say in a choked voice; "do you like to make me ashamed? I know—I know that I am not worthy, that I never shall be; but yesterday——"

He takes my hands in his and makes me turn towards him; his eyes glow with a strange, wonderful light; his low voice vibrates with some deep and strange emotion.

"Griselda," he says, "my dear little girl, be reasonable. Yesterday and to-day are different, you know very well. What I offered you, I offered, God knows, with a whole heart, But I did not know—what I know now. My dearest, there lies a happy, beautiful life before you; I am glad that it should be so. And it has made me happier to have known you; you must look back without any sorrow or remorse on a friend who has loved you very dearly, and who does not want to be remembered in connection with unpleasant things."

"Mr. Fairfax as you say, yesterday and to-day are different. Before you spoke to me I hardly knew what was in my heart; and when you spoke I was frightened and glad all at once. There is only one thing clear," I say; "this can have nothing to do with Goll. Cousin Jack, I love you."

The brown eyes meet mine; oh, who shall tell what unspeakable things are spoken in that long gaze?

"No," he says at length, very slowly, "it has nothing to do with Goll."

Then he takes me in his arms, and holds me close against his breast.

* * * * * *

It was a long time before poor Goll could reconcile himself to what had happened. Those were sad days enough—the days before my marriage.

I think my mother ceased to regret my choice as she grew to know my dear Jack, but Katherine never got over the shock of (oh, irony!) my mesalliance.

After the first six months we left Welby for the sweet home in Berkshire, where we have since lived.

Miss Fairfax lived with us till her death last autumn. Margaret Watson married young Boulter, and they have gone to live in the old house in the High Street, much I believe to the former's disgust.

Katherine is a great lady now, and we pay one another short, uncomfortable duty visits at stated intervals.

Pat runs down often to Berkshire and entertains us with accounts of his social triumphs and varied experiences.

He is very fond of his small nephew, a young person who promises to be the image of his Uncle Goll, save for his great brown eyes. Uncle Goll himself pays us occasional visits. He leads an active political life, and his wife is the cleverest and most beautiful woman in London. He and Jack are quite fond of one another.

As for me, I wonder if a happier woman ever lived. I often marvel at the injustice of Fate which has favoured me so unduly.

It is Jack's birthday to-day; he is forty years old, and there are several gray hairs in his beard. I was twenty-five last winter. We are quite a middle-aged couple.

[THE END.]

LAVENDER.

BY LADY LINDSAY.

A perfum'd sprig of lavender
You gave, dear child, to me;
It grew, you said, by the red rose bed,
And under the jessamine tree.

'Twas sweet, ay, sweet from many things:
But, (sweeter than all,) with scent
Of long past years and laughter and tears
It to me was redolent.

A GIRL'S MISTAKE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "BROKEN SUNSHINE,"

"THE THREE CURATES," ETC.

CHAPTER V.

MISS GAY looked fresh and fair and rosy with her rapid drive. She was a pretty, typical English girl; light brown hair, good complexion, pretty blue eyes and a charming little figure, and most perfectly conscious of every good point.

She had brought with her several killing gowns from Paris, and it must be confessed a pang of disappointment shot through her heart as she saw the beautiful presence of Carmen Massingbird standing in the wide hall doorway with the morning sun streaming down upon her.

She seemed to be the centre of the little group.

Julius Gay, without thought of his sister, jumped off the dogcart and rushed up the steps.

"Good-morning, Miss Massingbird; this is an unexpected pleasure.

" 'Where is any author in the world
Teaches such beauty as a woman's eye?'

" 'My beauty though but mean,
Needs not the painted flourish of your praise!' "

answered Carmen with a bright laugh. "Mr. Gay, I absolutely forbid your quotations; you really must be suppressed."

Sir Geoffry had gone to assist Miss Gay to alight.

"You have brought us charming weather for the 'first,' Miss Gay."

"Yes, it is delicious. Have you a large party? How many guns?" asked the young lady, hardly giving her host time to reply.

"Six with your brother. Colonel Massingbird, Harry Vere, Squire Huntley, Mr. Fairfax of the Grange, and your humble servant."

And with that he turned to her brother.

"Come, Julius, I cannot allow even Massingbird to keep you. Go in, man, and get some breakfast. We are only waiting for you to start."

"All right, I won't be a second."

And he and Sir Geoffry passed swiftly through the hall, where the other men were congregated.

"Look sharp, Gay," they called out.

The young man nodded gaily, and hastily drinking a cup of coffee and breaking off a piece of roll, pronounced himself ready.

"Have something more substantial, Julius," said his host, pointing to the well-spread table.

"No, thanks, Estcourt. I'll make up at lunch time."

"Come along, then." Then they all started off.

But in spite of Sir Geoffry being fully engaged, he managed (not unobserved by the sharp eyes of Miss Gay) to throw a farewell glance at Carmen, as he called out in hearty tones: "Do not forget the luncheon, ladies."

"We will not forget," said Carmen brightly, as she waved her handkerchief.

"Come in, my dear," said Miss Estcourt to Clara Gay, "you really must require some refreshment after your long drive, and so early too."

"It was only six miles, Miss Estcourt, and the morning was so delightfully fresh and crisp."

"There is always something deliciously pure and invigorating in the early scent of an autumn morning. In the spring it is the perfume of leaf and blossom; but the autumn is aromatic and pungent. Yes, I prefer the autumn."

"Ah, dear Miss Estcourt, you can speak from the experience of an early riser," said Carmen, still watching the ever retreating figures of sportsmen, beaters and dogs, as they made their way to the plantation and then became lost to sight. "We lose much of nature's beauty in our gay life in town," continued Carmen.

"Well, we enjoy it quite as much," observed Miss Gay practically. "I am sure I would not give up a ball for a sunrise."

"You can have both," said Carmen very sweetly, "if you only stay a ball out."

* * * * * *

Then the ladies, after Miss Gay had some refreshment, adjourned to Miss Estcourt's morning room with its sunny aspect, where their hostess left them for her daily confab with the housekeeper.

By-and-by the two girls wandered out to the gardens, and exchanged mutual confidences (limited) as to their various experiences of their London seasons.

Carmen did not think it necessary to inform Clara Gay of the unfortunate little ceremony of three years ago, neither did Miss Gay confess the disgust she experienced at finding Colonel Massingbird's daughter the favorite guest of their bachelor host.

Indeed, Clara Gay's private conviction was that Carmen Massingbird intended to swoop down on Geoffry Estcourt, whom she had intended for her own particular prey.

But Carmen was in sublime ignorance of the unfavorable view taken by Miss Gay.

Indeed, she lived in an ideal world, where, like an enchanted princess, the prince of fate was at last coming to claim her.

And she let herself glide down the stream of oblivion, and led her beautiful lotus life.

Two or three days passed; the house party was gay and bright. It seemed to Carmen she had never tasted such pleasure.

Everything ran on wheels. The gentle unselfish hostess, Clara as bright as a butterfly and as pretty, who, if not the first person in the host's estimation, certainly was in that of Squire Huntley, a rather heavy ponderous individual, but easily pleased, and greatly in love with pretty Miss Gay; and this young lady, being a diplomatist, kept him in reserve, until she saw how events were going to arrange themselves.

As for Julius Gay, he asked nothing better than to sun himself in Carmen's smiles' while Sir Geoffry, in his mind's eye, saw the woman he loved, radiant, beautiful, his wife—receiving their friends.

Colonel Massingbird found a congenial friend in Mr. Fairfax, who had lately come into some property in the neighborhood, and being an old Indian, they plunged into their grievances and theories of Anglo-Indian life, and were happy.

They were very delightful days. Perhaps they would never come again to some of them.

* * * * * *

"Carmen!" whispered Geoffry as they separated on the softly moonlit terrace, "come down to the Lady Glen to-morrow, after breakfast. I have something I particularly wish to tell you."

With a little access of color, Carmen answered, "I will come."

* * * * * *

"Such a day! Cloudless, joyous!"

Carmen threw open her windows and let in the dewy, scent-laden air, and it gently lifted the heavy masses of her hair.

"I wonder what he wishes to tell me?"

But the rippling smile round her saucy arched lips betrayed her. She knew what he wished to tell her, and she was deliciously happy.

There was no shadowing of the evil to come, no cloud 'bigger than a man's hand' on the horizon of her day.

After breakfast every one dispersed, Miss Estcourt to the housekeeper's room, Miss Gay to write letters, the gentlemen to the stables, Sir Geoffry to see his steward; but instead of interviewing that functionary he wended his way smoking a cigar through the park in all its beauty.

The exhilarating feeling from without was intensified by the deep happiness within.

He knew he was loved; the beautiful eyes of Carmen had told him so much. And he loved her so truly. It was the love of his manhood, firm, strong, loyal.

She was so lovely, so holy, so pure; and then her father had been the beau-ideal of his boyish dreams, so brave, true and modest, so gentle in his life, such a thorough soldier, with his Victoria Cross that he prized more than his C.B.

And they would be his relations, "wife, brother and father in one." He would indeed be proud of them.

The Lady's Glen was a wild, sequestered, but beautiful spot. And there was a tradition that some dead and gone Lady Estcourt haunted it, for why or wherefore no one could exactly say.

But it certainly showed her good taste, for it was an exquisite bit of sylvan beauty.

The overhanging rocks were covered with creeping vegetation, here red, there a deep mossy green. In the gently sloping ravine was a busy little brood that tumbled and splashed into miniature waterfalls, and then stayed like an idle gossip to coquet with the sunbeams in some brown pool; and on again with frothy impatience to make up for lost time.

A few oaks reared their large branches overhead, green with their delicate midsummer growth; while the silver birch stood out slim and dainty; lower down, a few gray old pollards guarded the stream, and here and there in the shady banks the kingfisher darted in and out.

The leaves were beginning to fall, brown and golden, with just a faint little sigh, a gentle protest against the mutability of leaves in general.

And Geoffry seated himself on the lover's seat. How many of his house had told their love tale there! For it is such an old, old story.

He knew not. Then he saw the white-clad form of his queen, she for whom he had waited, longed for; she was coming.

He threw away his cigar, and the brook bore it away, like a good many things discarded in life. A blush like the rosy morn greeted him.

"Sir Knight! What may be your pleasure?"

"My pleasure, fair lady? My pleasure and my love go hand in hand, like two fair twin sisters. Ah, Carmen! You must know why I asked you to give me this opportunity. You must have seen my love for you. I shall never know peace of mind, I shall never rest and be happy, until you are my wife. That is my pleasure, that is my request. Only say yes, Carmen."

Very shyly and tenderly (for Carmen loved him with all her heart, with all the strength of her warm, passionate, perhaps undisciplined nature) came the answer, low but clear: "Geoffry, I love you dearly, and I say, 'yes.' "

The soft wind played through the glen, the tinted leaves rustled and fell gently, the brook chattered and babbled in soft, sympathetic sounds.

It had had so much experience in these mundane affairs; it knew so much of lovers' vows!

But the birds sang a hymn of joy, they believed implicitly in love; the bees droned softly and monotonously as they winged their busy flight to and from distant flower pastures.

* * * * * *

"Geoffry!" after a long silence, said Carmen, "there is just a little episode in my life I should like to tell you, I think you ought to know."

"Tell on, sweetheart," putting his arm round her waist.

"Years ago; let me see, three years ago, I was seventeen."

"How old!" said Geoffry with a happy laugh.

"I had a boy lover; he was nineteen, and we went off one morning and got married at a registrar's. Think of that! It was while I was at school at Havensmouth. But you can put all that right," she continued lightly, "because——"

"Carmen!"

His voice was so hoarse, so full of horror that she turned her soft, unconscious eyes on him in absolute amazement.

"Good God, Carmen! Are you in your right senses?"

"I hope so," she replied with something like petulance in her tone.

For she yet failed to grasp the severe solemnity of his manner.

"Then all I can say is, that you are the most unblushingly heartless woman I have ever had the misfortune to meet. And to think that you, so lovely, so beloved, should be bad to the core! Oh, it is too terrible!"

"Geoffry! Geoffry! what does it all mean? What have I done?" and now her voice was piteous in its earnestness.

She laid her hand on his arm and her eyes were raised to his beseechingly. It seemed to madden him, for he flung off her hand as if it had stung him, and stood aloof from her.

"Mean? Only this," with cutting irony, "that being already the wife of one man, you accept a proposal of marriage from another! Bah! The world has very strong terms for such. And to think my friend Herbert Massingbird, a soldier, and a gentleman as I understand the word, should have lent himself to such dishonor! Nothing but deception on all sides," and in bitter abandonment, he leant against an old tree and hid his face so that she should not see the bitter tears that forced themselves through his fingers, as he vainly tried to screen his face.

"Oh, Geoffry, do have pity! Indeed I don't understand. But from what you say I must have done something very wicked. I did not in the least love the young man. Papa is not to blame, for he knows nothing whatever about it."

"Every word you utter only adds to your wickedness. If your father knows nothing about it, you have deceived him as you have deceived me. Oh, Carmen! I so trusted you, so honored you. And now you have ruined my life. I never wish to see your false fair face again."

"Geoffry, Geoffry, be merciful! Stay, I beseech you, and let me tell you how it happened," and she held out her hands imploringly.

"What is your husband's name, madam?" he said with cruel coldness.

"Allen Fitzclare," she answered with miserable hopelessness in her voice.

"Then, Mrs. Fitzclare, I have the honor of wishing you good morning," and he turned on his heel and left her.

Sir Geoffry walked on with rapid step until he reached the house.

"Is Colonel Massingbird about?"

"I don't know, Sir Geoffry. I saw him awhile ago in the paddock along with Mr. Gay."

"See if you can find him, and ask him to be so good as to come into the library."

"Yes, Sir Geoffry."

"The master be put out, surely," said the servant as he passed out in search of the Colonel.

Sir Geoffry paced up and down, up and down in the very library where only a few days ago his heart had bounded for very joy.

Now, excited with suppressed passion, he in vain endeavored to keep calm outwardly, for there was a very lever in his veins.

"The Colonel, Sir Geoffry."

And in walked Herbert Massingbird, bright, cheery, a gentleman every inch of him.

"Well, old boy, what is it? Brown said you wanted me."

"Yes, I do! Sit down, please, Colonel Massingbird."

"Thanks. If it's anything unpleasant I prefer to stand," for he now noticed the pale face full of suppressed excitement.

"You have deceived me! You and your daughter between you."

"How dare you mention my daughter in such terms?"

"Because she deserves them. This morning I asked Miss Massingbird to do me the honor of becoming my wife."

"Well?"

"Well! There was just one obstacle in the way. She is already married."

"You lie! By heaven, you lie!" thundered the Colonel.

"Ask her."

"Do not I know her every thought and deed?"

"Not all, apparently," said the other sarcastically.

"Where is my daughter?"

"In the Lady's Glen. I left her there, at least."

"There is some terrible mistake, some mystery," murmured the unhappy father, passing his hand wearily over his forehead.

Then Geoffry's heart smote him when he saw the pained, pale face of his friend.

"Oh! Herbert, I loved her so, I love her now. And she has broken my heart, for there is no hope, no hope!" and with his head on the table, hidden by his arms, he tried in vain to stifle the bitter sobs that would have their way.

Colonel Massingbird looked on, grieved to the heart, but helpless.

"Geoffry, we have been friends, comrades for years. I think if I have ever had a wish it concerned you; if my only child should leave my home, it should be for yours."

"Forgive me, Massingbird, but I am well-nigh distraught."

"Can you explain it, or tell me what she said?"

"She said she had a boy lover, when she was at school at Havensmouth, and that they were married at a registrar's office."

"His name?"

"Fitz something, Fitzclare. But pray do not torture me further, I cannot bear it."

"Geoffry, I ask you to suspend your judgment on my unhappy child. I will go and seek her, and find out the real truth."

Geoffry made no answer. What did it signify now? She should not be his wife.

Colonel Massingbird hastily left the room, and made his way with vehement strides to the Lady's Glen. There, prone on the ground, lay Carmen, hysterical sobs shaking her frame.

She heard no footfall, no sound, till her father with infinite compassion in his voice, called, "Carmen."

"Oh, papa! papa! You will be kind to me?"

"My poor child! Sit down by me on this seat and tell me what is this dreadful tale which I have just heard from Geoffry Estcourt. Can it be true, that my daughter for years deceived her father? Have you, Carmen, contracted a marriage unknown to me?"

"Papa, I did undergo some ceremony three years ago, but not at a church; and believe me, I attached no importance to it. I thought it a little bit of romance; I was only just seventeen, an ignorant, silly, romantic school-girl."

"Carmen," said her father, "I wish you to put me in possession of the absolute facts, the entire truth."

With a sad, weary timbre of voice, Carmen complied.

"When I was at school at Havensmouth we used to attend St. Botolph's Church; Sunday after Sunday there was always a handsome young fellow who sat near us; he always watched for me. Then he put little notes in my prayerbook (the books were left at church); then we met in the grounds that led by a little gate into the pinewoods. He told me how dearly he loved me, and at last I began to love him. He wrote beautiful poetry, and he had been a bank clerk. A cousin of his died, and left him some money. He said as I should be rich, he could not live on my money, so that if I would marry him, he would go out to the colonies and make a fortune, and not till then claim me. So one morning (I was to spend the day with Aunt Catherine, who, you know, was at Havensmouth a good deal) we went to the registrar, and were married."

"Both under age."

A thrill of hope ran through the father's heart.

"Go on."

"Directly we were married we parted; Allen left me at Aunt Catherine's door, and then went off by train, as he had to catch the mail steamer at Gravesend. I have never seen him since; he used to write a good deal, but some little time ago I wrote and told him I thought we had made a great mistake, and that I had changed my mind. I have heard nothing of or from him since. That is all, papa."

"And enough! From your own showing you have been faithless, heartless. Put down the lad's name, the registrar's office, time, date, so that I may obtain legal advice; and tell your maid to pack up at once. I cannot insult Sir Geoffry by our presence."

"Oh, papa, I do love Geoffry with all my heart. Will he never forgive me? If he only would believe I did not mean any wrong. Won't you tell him how I love him?"

"No!" said the Colonel sternly. "If you are a married woman, your love is dishonoring, both to him and yourself."

Like some fair flower crushed by the cruel hail-storm, Carmen bent her pretty head.

At last she realized the abyss that separated her from her lover, the man to whom she clung with every fibre of her heart. With blinded vision she staggered to her feet. "Father! Let us go away at once."

"Yes, that must be effected as soon as

possible. Oh, Carmen, my child, what have I done that you should so deceive me? You who were left by your mother to be my 'consolation.' Oh, my daughter, you have made my Paradise a very Marah of bitterness."

"Forgive me! Forgive me!" and she wound her poor tired arms round her father's neck. "Do not suffer! Is it nothing that my sin—unconscious sin—is almost greater than I can bear."

"My poor little Carmencita, I will do my best for you. We must go to some quiet place with Cousin Adela, and then I will consider the legal aspect of the case. If it is illegal, then we will try and get it dissolved at once. If not——"

He could not bring his mind to anything further then. With protecting tenderness he kissed her brow, smoothed her disordered hair, and placing her arm in his they slowly wended their way to the house, by the most circuitous route, so as to avoid meeting with any of the house party. He saw his daughter to her own apartment, and then sought Miss Estcourt.

To her he narrarted the dreadful morning's history.

It was with grief that she listened to it, her tender heart was torn with conflicting emotions, keen sorrow for her idolized brother, and for the man she loved, infinite pity; while for the poor misguided girl she had gentle, womanly compassion.

"Help us to get away, Marcia, for indeed I cannot face them."

"Trust me, Herbert."

And her warm, firm grasp spoke volumes.

"I will go and see the poor child, but I must speak to Geoffry first."

"Tell him all, Marcia. And God bless you, dearest of sisters."

"Oh, Geoffry, my poor brother! Fortune indeed is cruel to you. Nothing but sorrow to those I love."

* * * * * *

An hour afterwards Colonel and Miss Massingbird were on their way to town, "summoned by important business." The only person who did not regret it was Clara Gay.

With all the field to herself, surely she might do something. She would try, anyway.

Julius was dreadfully disappointed; he knew that his host was very much in love with Carmen, but all was fair in love and war; and until she really was appropriated, he had as much right as any one to try his luck.

To Sir Geoffry the strain of keeping up before his guests was frightful. However, two more days would see the house clear.

And Marcia, with unselfish care for him, took most of the entertainment of their friends on herself.

But it was impossible to avoid noticing the havoc made on the face of the poor fellow. The bright cheerfulness that had shone out of the honest, kind blue eyes was replaced by a worn and sleepless look. "Hard hit," the men pronounced.

Hard hit, indeed! But he bore his sufferings like the brave true knight he was, his courtesies to Miss Gay were the same, his guests equally considered.

Only his sister knew the terrible strain, and it pressed with peculiar force on her affectionate heart.

* * * * *

They had all gone. Brother and sister were alone. Oh! the desolation of it all! At last Sir Geoffry could bear it no longer.

"Marcia! Could you make up your mind to go with me to Rome, and spend the winter there? I know, dear, it is like dragging up a tree by its roots, but if you would, I should feel grateful. I cannot stay here, Marcia. It is torture to me. I cannot settle down. Let us go to Rome, my dear."

"I will go to the end of the world with you, Geoffry."

"No, dear," he answered with a faint smile; "I will not put your love to such a test as that. Rome will do."

"When do you wish to start, Geoffry?"

"Next week. Will that hurry you too much?"

"Not in the least," answered she cheerfully.

But, as her brother had said, it was like dragging up a tree by its roots; Marcia's placid happiness was enshrined and centred in Estcourt.

The house, the gardens, her pets, her poor, "the trivial round, the common task," furnished the quiet, useful life that suited her.

But for Geoffry! why, she would sacrifice everything—her self if needs be.

* * * * * *

Colonel Massingbird, his daughter and cousin Adela, were at Plymouth. An Indian friend, to whom a very charming cottage belonged, was under orders to rejoin his regiment in India.

Colonel Massingbird offered to take the cottage off his hands. The arrangement so agreeable to both parties was carried out, and thus it came about that the little family migrated from Mayfair to the old-world seaport of Devonshire.

The weather was still warm, though the air was fresh, and it seemed to Carmen that the only pleasure left her in life was to sit out and watch from a pretty myrtle bower at the end of the garden, overlooking the sea, the lovely panorama spread out before her eyes.

The sparkling sea, the rocky hills that sloped down in tender tints to the water, the long break-water, with the swelling waves that dashed against it, tossing their spray-like jewels in the sunshine, the busy sailing vessels as they came and went, freighted with merchandize; the little rakish yachts that floated hither and thither, Carmen could even hear the gay laughter of their occupants borne upwards by the breeze.

The bands of the garrison, their music distant but clear, would waft strains of harmony so familiar, so dear, that she and Geoffry had so often heard together.

Bitter sweet! But it soothed her as nothing else could have done. Her father rarely disturbed her, as he found with almost womanly intuition that for the present solitude seemed the greatest balm for her wounded heart.

So she spent hours, idle hours, no doubt, with no company but nature, fresh, sunny, invigorating, ever-changing nature.

Cousin Adela was perfectly happy. There were no wearisome dinners, no hot, stuffy theatres, no fatiguing flower shows, no standing about on damp lawns, no "at homes," with their ever-wearying streams of bored humanity.

Instead of all these drawbacks to happiness, as she understood the word, there was the cool delightful market, where she could bargain and price to her heart's content; and arrange delicious little dinners to tempt a sybarite.

And she devoutly hoped that this freak of her spoilt, dearly-loved young relative would last.

The Colonel on the whole liked the place. He found several congenial friends, and the delicate health of his only daughter was an all-sufficient reason for the quiet life lived by the inmates of The Myrtles.

* * * * * *

"Carmen, can you give me your attention for a short time?"

"Why, certainly, papa. I am a veritable lotus eater."

"I have heard from Seely and Balmbridge this morning."

"Yes?" she answered with evident anxiety.

"My poor child, your marriage cannot be dissolved; it is legal, binding, irrevocable. Your unfortunate husband can be prosecuted for perjury, and its penalty is, two or more years' penal servitude."

"What can you mean, papa?" cried Carmen. "I do not understand."

"The lad must have made a false declaration. In fact it is proved that he did. He stated you were both of age—twenty-one; and for that—he has committed perjury."

"Oh, papa. But surely——"

"Carmen, instead of prosecuting him for perjury, I must write and find out where he is, and urge him immediately to return to this country. And you must both live as man and wife."

"Oh, father!"

And the terrible bitterness of her cry went forth. It sounded the final knell of all chance of Geoffry's love, of all hope indeed.

"I shall allow him an income," continued Colonel Massingbird, "and you will be of age almost immediately, and receive the fortune bequeathed you by your godfather."

"Suppose—he will not care to come after what I told him in my last letter?"

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

OPIUM "JOINTS."

IN 1877 and 1878, when Deadwood, the metropolis of the Black Hills, one of the richest mining camps ever discovered in the United States, was over three hundred miles distant from the nearest railroad, it was ascertained that the Chinamen had introduced the vice of opium-smoking among the white inhabitants.

I was employed at the time as Deputy-Sheriff, and received instructions to investigate the subject, with a view of closing the houses and punishing the proprietors.

While so employed, I discovered that there were no fewer than ten houses where smoking was indulged in, and that these houses would accommodate over two hundred smokers at one time.

During all hours of the day and night they were well patronized, and because of the rough character of the majority of the population, the Chinese proprietors made but very little effort to hide the real nature of their business, although here, in common with other sections of the States, the laws against this traffic were very severe, but had never been enforced.

From the outside appearance of the frame building we are approaching, and the sign "Sin Lee Laundry," this is only one of the numerous Chinese laundries which is established by the Celestials in every mining camp in the West.

We step from the street into a small room entirely unfurnished, except by a short pine-board counter, on which is a pair of scales for gold-dust, and the counting-board used by all the Chinese to assist them in figuring.

A small sallow-faced, almond-eyed Chinaman stands behind the primitive counter, ready to attend to the wants of customers.

He is not the proprietor, as we ascertain by inquiring for Sin Lee, which provokes the response:

"Him not here. What you wantee?"

This is in accordance with his instructions, for these Chinamen are very 'cute, and never acknowledge that they are the particular ones you want until they ascertain the nature of your business.

But a sign being given, and a half dollar or sack of gold-dust placed on the counter, our Celestial friend produces a card, on which he places a very small quantity of opium, and calls an attendant to conduct us to a smoke-room.

We step from the little front office through a doorway into a passage, from both sides of which open several small doors.

One of these being opened by the attendant, we find ourselves in a room or stall about six feet wide and seven long, and although the ceiling is low, yet the partitions do not reach to it on either side. The walls, floor, and ceiling are all plain pine-boards.

The only furniture in the stall the attendant has thrown open is a bench built the entire length of the room, about five feet wide and four feet from the floor; on this is stretched an old piece of carpet; in each corner is a dirty pillow, which has the appearance of being stuffed with a block of wood; while in the centre of the bench stands a small lamp, with an opium pipe and piece of steel, which looks like a knitting-needle, lying beside it.

There is no sign of a window in the room; no light can penetrate it except through the door in the passage.

To the uninitiated, the opium pipe is a puzzle, for it has not any similarity to a tobacco pipe.

The stem is about twenty-four inches long, and as thick as a medium-sized walking-stick; while the bowl of the ordinary pipe in this case presents a flat polished surface about an inch and a half in diameter, with a small hole in the centre.

If the smoker is a novice, the attendant takes a reclining position on one side of the lamp, while the victim occupies a similar position on the other.

Now we discover the use of the knitting-needle, for the Chinaman takes a certain quantity of the black gummy opium from the card on to the steel joint; this he holds in the flame of the lamp, twirling the other end gently between his thumb and finger until the opium melts.

Then he dexterously places the melted mass on the flat surface of the pipe, with the steel point in the hole in the centre. This is called "rolling opium;" and regular frequenters of the "joint" soon learn to roll for themselves as dexterously as the Chinamen.

The pipe is then handed to the smoker, who proceeds to draw the fumes through the stem in the same manner that a man smokes a pipe full of tobacco, except that the bowl or flat surface on which the opium was placed has to be kept in the flame of the lamp to keep the drug alight.

A few whiffs, and the rolling operation has to be gone through again; and a few pipes—unless the smoker be an old hand—will send him to sleep, and to dream, as some have described it, pleasant fairy-like dreams.

Once asleep under the influence of this poisonous drug, the fiend is allowed to occupy the stall until he awakes without interference.

On awaking, his sensations are not so pleasant as they were; he feels a pricking through his entire body, as though some one was sticking pins into him by the thousand.

If it has been his first experience, he is likely to feel very sick, as a man who has just awakened after a carousal on liquor; and if he is sensible, he will never again "hit the pipe," as is the expression used. But if he is a regular fiend, in a space of a few hours at most he will retrace his steps to the "joint," there to smoke himself again into a state of unconsciousness.

Let us take a further look through this establishment, where the Chinamen are getting rich, at the expense not only of the pockets but of the heart's-blood of their white neighbors.

Stepping into the passage from our stall, and opening the other doors as we walk, we see in each room one, two, three, and sometimes four fiends of both sexes, either dreaming off the effects of the deadly drug, or else smoking.

So far as noise is concerned we might be in a vast tomb, for opium affects the brain in an entirely different manner from whisky, and the victims are entirely harmless.

It quiets all the passions instead of inflaming them, and this is one of the reasons why opium-smoking can be carried on to such an extent without detection, for the older the smoker the more secretive he becomes.

"HURRAH!"—What was the origin of the exclamation "Hurrah!" There are few words still in use which can boast such a remote and widely extended prevalence as this. It is one of those interjections in which sound so echoes sense that men seem to have adopted it almost instinctively.

In India and Ceylon the mahouts and attendants of baggage elephants cheer them on by perpetual repetitions of "ar-re-re!" The Arabs and camel drivers in Turkey, Palestine, and Egypt encourage their animals to speed by shouting "ar-re, ar-re!"

The Moors in Spain drive their mules and horses with cries of "arre." In France the sportsman excites the hounds by his shouts of "hare, hare!" and wagoners, turn their horses by crying "harhant!" The herdsmen of Ireland and Scotland shout "hurrish! hurrish!" to the cattle they are driving.

It is evidently an exclamation common to many nations, and is probably a corruption of "Tur sic" (Thor aid), a battle cry of the ancient Norsemen, or "hu-ra!" to Paradise.

THE best and most important part of every man's education is that which he gives himself.

Scientific and Useful.

SEWER GAS.—If silverware is covered with a black coating soon after being cleaned one may be certain that there is some trouble with the drainage system of the house. The agent which causes the tarnishing is sulphurated hydrogen, the same gas which is generated in decaying eggs and other putrefying animal and vegetable matters.

CORNCOB BLOCKS.—Building blocks made of corncobs form the object of a new Italian patent. The cobs are pressed by machinery into forms similar to bricks, and held together by wire. They are made water-tight by soaking with tar. These molds are very light and strong. Their weight is less than one-third of that of a hollow brick, and they never get damp.

ENDLESS TRAIN.—An endless railway train, consisting of 400 platform cars, is to be one of the attractions at the Paris Exhibition. The rails will be sunk so that the platforms will be on a level with the surface, and the train will run slowly enough to permit most people to step on and off while it is in motion, but, for the accommodation of elderly people, a stop of fifteen seconds every minute will be made. The motive power will be electricity.

RUSTY STEEL.—After well oiling the rusty parts of the steel, let it remain two or three days in that state; then wipe it dry with clean rags, and polish with emery or pumice-stone, on hard wood. Frequently, however, a little unslaked lime, finely powdered, will be sufficient after the oil is cleaned off. Where a very high degree of polish is requisite, it will be most effectually obtained by using a paste composed of finely levigated bloodstone and spirits of wine.

A POISON STOPPER.—An ingenious stopper has lately been patented for use in bottles containing poisons. The stopper is made of india rubber brightly colored so as to render it distinctive in the light, and containing a bell which rattles when the bottle is moved, thus drawing attention to the character of the contents even though it be impossible to see the label. Such a warning stopper would have rendered impossible many of the accidents which have from time to time taken place.

FILTERS.—The old charcoal and gravel filters, which once had the entire confidence of families and physicians as entirely efficacious in purifying drinking water, have been recently found to be not only of dubious character, but even in some cases to aggravate the danger which they were expected to allay. The investigation of the Rhode Island Medical Society seems to show conclusively that the meshes and interstices of the filtering matter becomes clogged with the deleterious organisms of the water, and that these increase in number when the filter is not in use, standing in the warm air of the kitchen.

Farm and Garden.

THE COLD.—Animals exposed to the cold will eat all the time. This is because there is so much fuel required to keep up animal life. Cold is death.

THE GARDEN WALKS.—Mix wood ashes, cinders, and gravel together for your garden walks, and run a roller over it after each rain until it is well packed.

GRAIN.—In feeding grain to poultry it is better to vary it, allowing wheat and oats as well as corn. Cooked potatoes make an excellent change for laying hens.

CHESTNUTS.—Pack chestnuts in boxes or kegs with sand, and bury in a hole in the garden, just as you would potatoes, and see how nice and fresh and soft they will come out at Christmas or even later.

LOW WAGONS.—Low wagons should be preferred on the farm. The difference in the labor required to load and unload a low wagon, as compared with a higher one, is very great. Broad tires are also better than those that are narrow.

BONES.—Bones may be reduced by first pounding and moistening the mass. Gradually add sulphuric acid, stirring while so doing, and the bones will be dissolved. The proportions are 40 pounds sulphuric acid to 100 pounds of bones.

FROZEN GROUND.—Cut out the old canes of black berries and raspberries as soon as the ground freezes and burn them, which will aid in destroying insects. It is not advisable to postpone such work until spring, as it cannot be done then as well as now.

POULTRY.—Don't try to crowd fifty hens into a poultry-house suitable for only twenty-five, as the larger the flock the fewer the eggs proportionately, unless they have perfect accommodations. As a rule small flocks give a larger profit for the same outlay than when numbers are kept that cannot be properly provided for.

MEAT BARRELS.—If the meat has spoiled in the old barrel more than once it may be best to get a new one, but if not too badly tainted it may be sweetened in several ways: Clear it by burning an armload of dry shavings in it. Or slake a half a bushel of fresh lime in it, and when slaked fill full with water, and stir thoroughly and frequently for two or three days. Or use ashes instead of lime; perhaps the two together would be best. Or fill with garden soil, let stand a few days, empty, and fill again. Of course the final operation in either method should be a complete scrubbing and scouring with sand and good hard soap.

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Is It So?

It is a common room witticism to remind those who would test the truth of what they hear and prove the reality of assertions, appearances and translations, that only one letter differentiates sceptic from septic. Only one little half circle, not much bigger than a pin's head, is the sign of demarcation between doubt and corruption.

It is a hard saying, but—is it so? Is there only this insignificant little difference between the man who demands that evidence shall stand four square and him who would destroy the foundations of honesty—the one who dreads to believe a falsehood, and the other who would poison the very wells of truth?

When we remember all the monstrous assertions which have been believed on no other evidence than that of man's unsupported word, we may well accept a little scepticism as a wholesome reaction, and require proof before we give credence—especially when things, contrary to the laws of material nature as we know them, are asserted to exist, or when they place human nature in too bad a light, and cause us to censure what we are bound to admire.

No fable has been too monstrous for men's implicit faith.

If we go through a few of the things which men have accepted as real, because they were asserted, what a farrago of nonsense we light on. All the superstitions, fears and fancies which are bound up in witchcraft, magic, etc., of course come first.

But when the first men of those times could accept these marvels as facts, we may well pause in wonder at the marvelous credulity of those ancient days; we may well wish there had been so much alloy of scepticism as to ask, "Is it so?"

Extend the principle from old time superstitions and historical misconceptions to the lives of our friends and the reports which fly about society. Not inaptly has Rumor been pictured as a monster with a hundred tongues.

That is about the proportion of fact to repetition when a thing has been public property for as long a time as it takes to go from one mouth to half a dozen ears.

When we hear of fortunes, misfortunes, or faults, the old rule to halve the amount and then take about half that again, is the wisest course by which to steer.

A simple legacy of five thousand dollars has before now been converted into one of twenty-five thousand a year; the loan of a few hundreds has been swelled into as many thousands; a temporary indisposition is illness threatening life or disablement for life; a marriage with certain undesirable elements in it, is one where there is not one good corner left for love to live in or where happiness may grow; the fire which burned your drawing-room muslin curtains consumed your whole possessions; the folly you committed in giving your trust to a knave is the sinful outcome of your own evil nature; and so on to the end.

Rumor magnifies, and distorts as it enlarges; and the few wise and clear-headed, who ask, Is it so? are to be counted on the fingers of the right hand, leaving the thumb to spare.

No one halts or hesitates. If a thing is told, that is all that is required. Of proof, of likelihood, of harmony with the known and tried character of the person, who cares the traditional straw!

That "black drop" in the heart of each of us, which, the story goes, the angel squeezed out of Mahomet's heart, how it colors the mind! how it obscures the vision!

It is all that black spot which makes us so eager to believe evil of each other—which sets those hundred tongues of Rumor wagging.

For though we may exaggerate the good fortune that may befall our friends, that does not say that we rejoice in proportion. Rather it means a freer hand for jealousy and a bigger root for envy.

For, assuredly the most part of those who say "lucky fellow," add in their mind if not in speech, "far luckier than he deserves, and why did not this windfall come my way rather than his?"

How many thought that, when the news went round the world how a certain great thinker and hard worker one day opened a letter and a fat bank note tumbled into his plate, as a substantial pat of butter for his bread!

Why do not folk with more money than they know what to do with, take it in hand to make us such a pat for our not too well buttered slice?

So that, as was said, our friend's good fortune does not always bring us such joy that we exaggerate the amount by reason of our satisfaction.

We understand theoretically the value of evidence, but we do not practice our theories.

We know that things absolutely impossible to have occurred were believed as implicitly as that to-morrow's sun will rise and yesterday's did rise.

Yet, with all the experience we have in history and daily life alike, of the tendency of man to exaggerate and invent, we still go on believing things which are simply impossible to the person of whom they are told.

Assertions are scattered broadcast in the world; and Is it so? is the only fitting question whereby to meet them, and No the only rational reply.

The learning which makes us acquainted with ourselves, with the faculties of the human mind, with divine truth, which is plainly revealed, with its power on the mind and heart, with the concatenations of cause and effect, and to understand our every-day duty, which grows out of our wants and the wants of those about us, is learning of a better quality than that which only enables us to call things by different names without giving us a knowledge of their qualities either for good or evil.

Self-knowledge is not learned in solitude. Where none oppose, the will becomes a tyrant. You must learn from suffering a wiser judgment of your powers. Youth, presumption and inexperience fit you but ill to cope with man, much less with heaven. You will not find yourself the conqueror in every mortal struggle; you will learn that you cannot rule your destiny as you imagine; you are not alone, but a tiny link in the great chain of society.

Never yet did there exist a full faith in the Divine Word (by whom light as well as immortality was brought into the world) which did not expand the intellect while it purified the heart; which did not multiply the aims and objects of the understanding, while it fixed and simplified those of the desires and passions.

Content will give relish to all my pleasure, and make me epicurize upon my little fortune, and enjoy to the full height all I have; whilst covetousness would let me starve in the midst of plenty, and make a beggar of me, though I wallowed in gold. Temperance and sobriety will give me life and health, a calm and free exercise of my reason; whilst gluttony and drunkenness would enervate my body and stupify my soul.

We must be patient toward all men; seeking, if they be overtaken with a fault, to restore them in a spirit of meekness; not hugely angry at any discomfort or loss or annoyance which their faults may entail, while we remember how often and in how far greater things we have provoked the patience of God; accepting therefore this which their sin may lay upon us as part of that burden which sinners must expect to bear.

Give, looking for nothing again; that is, without consideration of future advantages. Give to children, to old men, to the unthankful, and the dying, and to those you shall never see again; for else your alms or courtesy is not charity, but traffic and merchandise.

A religion that does not make a man honest and kindly, and fill his heart with noble aims to help others, is not worth the having. It is a delusion, and he is deceiving himself, if not trying to deceive others, and is thus a hypocrite.

All natural results are spontaneous. The diamond sparkles without effort, and the flowers open impulsively beneath the summer rain. And true religion is a spontaneous thing, as natural as it is to weep, to love, or to rejoice.

A good inclination is but the first rude draught of virtue; but the finishing strokes are from the will; which, if well disposed, will by degrees perfect; if ill disposed, will, by the superinduction of bad habits, quickly deface it.

Repentance hath a purifying power, and every tear is of a cleansing virtue; but these penitential clouds must be still kept dropping; one shower will not suffice; for repentance is not one single action, but a course.

That sensitiveness of conscience which accompanies pure character recognises and deplores the presence of sin. If there are not positive offences, there are defects; things are left undone that ought to be done.

Of all parts of wisdom, the practice is the best. Socrates was esteemed the wisest man of his time because he turned his acquired knowledge into morality, and aimed at goodness more than greatness.

The true order of learning should be, first, what is necessary; second, what is useful; and third, what is ornamental. To reverse this arrangement, is like beginning to build at the top of the edifice.

Boys are sometimes tempted to think that to be tender-hearted is to be weak and unmanly. Yet the tenderest heart may be associated with the strongest and most forcible mind and will.

All the principles which religion teaches, and all the habits which it forms, are favorable to strength of mind. It will be found that whatever purifies fortifies also the heart.

Good men have the fewest fears. He has but one great fear that fears to do wrong; he has a thousand who has overcome it.

I am persuaded that every time a man smiles—but much more so when he laughs—it adds something to this fragment of life.

Reproof is a medicine like mercury or opium; if it be improperly administered, it will do harm instead of good.

What is past is past. There is a future left to all men, who have the virtue to repent and the energy to atone.

Since I cannot govern my own tongue, though within my own teeth, how can I hope to govern the tongues of others.

The World's Happenings.

Texas is 825 miles one way by 740 the other.

A cucumber six feet long is agitating Nebraska.

One pint of best brown sugar weighs 13 ounces.

Insects lay from two eggs to many millions per annum.

A man at Tatnall, Ga., has 37 brothers and sisters living.

Chicken thieves at Grafton, Pa., bait fish hooks with corn.

The pride of Ventura county, Cal., is a field of 6000 acres in beans.

One Jones, of Garden City, Kansas, owns 150 heads of buffalo.

Scotland has 137 postoffices kept in places where intoxicating liquors are sold.

It takes the tusks of 50,000 elephants a year to supply the world's piano keys.

Bloomfield, N. C., advertises for applications for the position of Chief of Police.

Lightning conductors were first set up for the protection of buildings about 1752.

Acetylene, the lightest liquid known, is a little less than one-half as heavy as water.

An English historical manual says President Lincoln was shot in a theatre in Boston.

An East Portland, Oregon, fruit grower raised a peach that measured 12 inches in circumference.

One day's newspaper and magazine mail in the New York postoffice was 134 tons, 267,560 pounds.

The common house fly is computed to produce in one season, so prolific is its progeny, no less than 20,000,000.

One million dollars of gold coin weighs 3085 pounds avoirdupois, and $1,000,000 of silver coin weighs 53,020.9 pounds avoirdupois.

A Vermont citizen who started out to purchase a wedding suit got drunk instead, and on returning home committed suicide.

In Berlin heavy wagons are not allowed on certain streets. In Paris any cartload of rattling material must be fastened till it can't rattle.

A machine which lays railroad tracks and ties by steam power is reported to have had a successful trial in Washington Territory a short time ago.

Kentucky has raised a tomato this year which just fits into a four-quart measure; while Missouri produces a pumpkin which wouldn't go into a washtub.

In the United States one in every 300 takes a college course; in England, one in every 600; in Scotland, one in every 800; in Germany, one in every 212.

An idiotic bet is reported from Waterloo, Iowa, where two citizens bet on the general result of the election, the loser swallowing 10 compound cathartic pills.

An Eastern sportsman lost his gun in an odd manner. A wounded bird, in falling, struck the weapon as the owner was taking him, and knocked it into the water.

It has been found that a goose can stand the weather until the thermometer goes to 64 below zero. Then her feathers won't save her. Wild ducks can go 12° lower and come out on top.

Sheriff Love, of Lawrence, Kansas, while plastering a room 23 years ago, lost a valuable watch chain. The other day the store was torn down, and the chain was found in the plaster.

The quantity of sugar used in a Boston house suddenly increased, to the astonishment of the mistress. She began an investigation, which revealed that the servant used sugar to kindle the fire.

Mrs. John A. Markle, of Fond du Lac, who has not spoken above a whisper in 12 years, went out shopping the other day, and while examining some goods her voice returned in full volume.

A dweller in the country has observed that a good file is now a part of the outfit of the professional tramp. He finds it useful when there is a barbed-wire fence between him and something desirable.

There are in North America about 300,000 persons keeping bees. The annual honey product is about 100,000,000 pounds, and its value nearly $12,000,000. The annual wax product is about 500,000 pounds, and its value more than $100,000.

While a wedding party was waiting for a squire to perform the ceremony, at Alpharetta, Ga., the groom excused himself and fled. The bride proposed to the groomsman on the spot, and they were married within an hour.

Under the name of porcelain shot small white globules of porcelain are made in Munich. They are made to take the place of ordinary lead shot used for cleaning bottles, as porcelain is entirely free from the objection of producing lead contamination.

A Syracuse man lost a costly gold watch at the county fair. A young lady found and advertised it. He called, pocketed the recovered watch, and then said he was sorry he hadn't enough money with him to reward her. She said she wanted no reward, but would be content if he would reimburse her for the dollar she had spent in advertising his property. He fumbled in his vest pockets and paid her 27 cents on account.

The audience at the Palmyra, Mo., Opera House, on a recent evening, were startled by a shower of plaster, and looking up beheld a pair of legs dangling 40 feet above them. In a moment the legs disappeared. A policeman captured the cause of the unusual disturbance, which proved to be a youth who wanted to see the performance without buying a ticket. He had reached a space between the ceiling and the roof through a skylight in the latter.

MEMORIES.

BY JANET HOBS.

A garden old stretches down towards the sea,
The flowers untended, the wild thorns growing,
The sun burns hot, and the wind from the lea
Now and again is restlessly blowing:
Trying to wake in this land of death
Some song of the past: a scentless breath,
Of laughing roses, and lips so fair,
And sunbeams playing 'mid golden hair.

The sun and the wind and the rain come thither
To the garden old that stands by the sea:
The flowers dream and blossom and wither,
And the wild hawk hovers over the lea.
But a fair head sleeps in the bosom of death,
The red lips will never again draw breath.
All are at rest now: naught left to show
The love and the sorrow of long ago.

Love or Pity?

BY E. M.

IT WAS one of a little row of gray houses facing the sea. At a down-stair window, looking out at the murky sky and sea, John Warburton and his cousin Winifred Crosse were standing, trying hard to speak calmly, as friends who had never quarrelled.

They stood a little apart, each with hands firmly clasped behind and head held proudly erect. John's stern-featured face was very grave; Winifred's clear blue eyes looked a little scornful. She and John had quarrelled four years before, and the quarrel was very distinct still in the memories of both.

"I had no idea that you were coming here, Winifred," John had said when his sister had left the room and he and his cousin had found themselves *tete-a-tete*—"none whatever, I assure you. Amy did not tell me that you were expected; and, when I telegraphed to say I was coming, she telegraphed back 'Come.' It was not until I arrived last night that I heard you would be here to-day."

The grave, explanatory, half-apologetic tone had proved exasperating rather than conciliatory. Winifred's lip had curved scornfully and she had strolled towards the window, whither he had followed her. Neither had spoken for some minutes.

"Amy told me you meant to spend the winter in London," said Winifred at length, when the silence became oppressive.

"Yes; I am going back there," replied John.

She nearly asked, "When?" but checked herself in time. Serene indifference was what she wished her words and manner to express, and she was determined to show no unseemly eagerness for his departure.

But John answered the unspoken question. It was part of his offence that he would not believe in her indifference, but assumed that his presence must annoy her.

"I shall go back on Monday or Tuesday," he said. "I ran down only for a day or two. I wanted to see Amy and talk over things with Robert; but I shall go back at the beginning of the week—on Tuesday at the latest. I meant to do so from the first."

"You find it hard, no doubt, to leave your work," observed Winifred.

"Yes"—doubtfully.

"You are adopting the East End, I hear."

"I am working there."

"A new duty?" said Winifred drily, with a smile. "It must be hard to be born with a sense of duty as strong as yours."

In spite of all her efforts to speak indifferently, a touch of malice would reveal itself now and then in her tone when she conversed with John. She felt bitterly, angrily, resentfully towards him; and, though she was unwilling to admit the bitterness even to herself, the feeling would betray itself suddenly at times in a word or tone or glance. Four years had passed since he had offended her; but the remembrance had still the power to bring a hot flush to her cheeks and brow and to set her pulses beating with indignation. He had offered to marry her—not out of love, but out of pity. She had been left alone in the world and unprovided for, whilst John had inherited the wealth which he and others considered should have been hers; and he had conceived it to be his duty to concern himself about her future, to hold himself responsible for her comfort and happiness. He had come to her one day and besought her to allow him to save her from the hardships of poverty, besought her earnestly, disclosing—quite unconscious that the admission must offend—the dutiful motive of anxiety for herself that prompted him to make the offer. It was an offence that Winifred had never forgiven. He had repented of it long since; but the repentance had but helped to aggravate the original blunder—he would not forget and ignore the humiliation he had made her suffer, but persisted in apologising for it—if not in word, yet in tone and manner—and in trying to atone for it.

After the half-satirical little speech, which John would not resent, a long silence ensued. He moved away from the window, and Winifred remained there, gazing out, alone. After some time he returned to his old position, and took up the conversation where it had been dropped.

"You look at our work in the East End from a wrong point of view, I think," he said.

"How?"

"You look upon us—we who are trying to mend things there a little—as so many self-righteous martyrs—unwilling slaves to our sense of duty: you look at us from the point of view——"

"I am sorry, but I do not think I look at you from any point of view," interrupted Winifred, raising her eyes to his in a cold steady glance; "I have been so interested in my own work lately that I have thought very little—perhaps too little—of the work that other people are doing."

Winifred looked away again, but John's eyes were fixed upon her face with a sad, reflective expression.

"Winifred, I wish you would forgive that old fault of mine!" he said at last. "It is four years ago. Every day of my life since then I have regretted it. Let it be forgotten!"

"Forgotten!" returned Winifred quickly, her face flushing, her fingers nervously tapping the window-pane. "I was cross at the time—naturally; but it did not really matter—how could it matter?"

"We were friends before," urged John.

"Oh, yes, of course! And we are friends still, are we not?"

"We are not, Winifred—you know that we are not. We keep up a semblance of friendship, we are outwardly courteous to each other; but you keep me at arm's-length—you freeze me by your very graciousness. I never catch a glimpse now of your old natural self—never, except when you are talking to others, and have forgotten that I am by. You will not allow me to sympathise with you, you will not sympathise with me."

For four years John had been meek, long-suffering, apologetic. Suddenly he had cast away his humility; he was speaking recriminatingly. Winifred looked up at him, startled—almost too startled to feel angry at first.

"It was a mistake—a blunder," John went on; "but you treat me as though I had sinned against you—you have steeled your heart against me until you have come to hate me."

"I do not hate you. You mistake," said Winifred coldly.

"Until you have come to hate me," repeated John, paying no heed to the denial. "And I—I love you, Winifred!"

There was something almost tragic in his tone and in the dull hopeless way in which he stood looking at the girl before him and then turned away from her and leaned his arms upon the mantelpiece, with his head bowed down upon them.

Winifred's face grew crimson, then white again; she gazed at him in a startled incredulous way; then the sweet frank eyes grew troubled, and she looked down uneasily and waited.

"John, I am sorry! I did not know," she said, after a minute's silence.

He raised his head and faced her again then, and she went nearer to him, putting her trembling hands upon the low chair that stood between them and looking up at him, her face gracious and kindly as it was when she talked to others, but had never been lately when she talked to him.

"You did not know," said John; "and I have not dared to tell you!"

They look at each other wistfully for a moment, and then Winifred said—

"I do not understand it; you said yourself once——"

"Yes; I remember what I said. I said that no question of love need trouble us—that we had known each other too long to talk sentiment. I spoke like a fool. I suppose I did not love you then. But I have loved you ever since; and it seems to me, in looking back, that I must have loved you even then. I seem to have loved you all my life."

"I am sorry!" was all Winifred could find to say, and she said it very faintly. She did not look at him whilst she spoke, for she feared that he might read joy instead of sorrow in her eyes.

Something in her manner gave him hope.

"In looking back," he said, "I have thought sometimes that but for that mistake you might perhaps have cared for me in time. I have thought that, if you would but forgive—forget that mistake—give me another chance—I might still win your love, Winnie."

Winifred did not answer. Her hands trembled; her pulses were throbbing; her color came and went.

"Both our lives are lonely, Winifred—yours as well as mine."

She looked up questioningly.

"You are brave, I know," continued John, in his grave earnest way. "You work on cheerfully without a complaint; you even find a certain amount of pleasure in your work—or you try to find it."

"I do find it. There is not the effort you imagine; my work brings pleasure to me. I would not be anything but a High School mistress if every lot in life were open to me and I might choose."

"But your work will not always be new to you. Your enthusiasm in it will pass away by-and-by—it must. Winifred, I believe that I could make you happier—I would spend my whole life in the endeavour."

But Winifred had left him, and had moved away to her old place before the window.

"I should not be satisfied with any one who spent his whole life in securing my happiness and in telling me about it," she said, with an odd smile. "The idea does not tempt me. The mist is clearing a little. I can see the lights on Drake's Island now."

"Winifred," pleaded John, crossing the room to her side, "you will bear in mind what I have said? I do not expect you to feel towards me as I feel towards you; but by-and-by perhaps——"

"No, never!" interrupted Winifred quickly. "Hush, John—here is Amy! Do not let us talk about this again."

An hour later Winifred was alone in the room with Mrs. Poynter, John's sister. The two were fast friends, and could sit together and be silent as only friends dare. They had drawn their low chairs close to the hearth, and were sitting there in the twilight, screening their faces from the fire with book and fan. Winifred leaned back in her chair and looked with a strange smile at her companion.

"Amy, tell me something," she said, with a little laugh that was not altogether mirthful.

"What, dear?"

"I have been wondering—it would be an interesting fact to know—do all men pity unmarried women, and beg them to marry for their own happiness's sake?"

"You speak enigmatically, Winnie."

"Tell me this, Amy. Do all men, when they ask a sacrifice of you—when they ask you to give up your own individual life, your work, all that is a sacrifice, which must be a sacrifice to you—do they come and urge upon you—all of them, I mean—the benefits you will obtain, the ease of body and freedom from toil, the blessedness of companionship?"

"How do I know what all men do? You speak as though I had had five husbands. I have had but one husband, Winnie."

"Well, did he—Robert—impress upon you the blessings he had to offer?"

"I cannot remember that he did," the contented little wife replied laughingly. "If he had, I should have believed him, you know. Ours was a love-match. Love makes all the difference. Of whom were you thinking? You had some one in your mind."

"The abstract man, dear."

"Oh, was that all?"

Mrs. Poynter took up the little sock she had been knitting half an hour earlier. Winifred looked musingly into the fire. After some minutes she said slowly, with more earnestness than the occasion seemed to warrant—

"Love would not make all the difference—not to most women. I can imagine that a woman might love a man and yet have some pride—pride to show that she could live her life alone, could find pleasure in her own work, could bear to walk without a strong arm clearing the way for her."

"You are thinking of some particular case—some particular woman."

"No—the abstract woman," declared Winnie, with a laugh.

Mrs. Poynter, who had sufficient tact to desist from questioning on occasion, though not convinced, smiled, and went on knitting amiably.

* * * * * *

John did not go away from Plymouth on Tuesday, as he had assured Winifred he should. He offered no excuse for staying, but he stayed.

"John is paying quite a brotherly visit this time," said Amy. "He is generally here one day and gone the next. I am glad he is taking a real holiday for once. John wants holidays; he wants to unbend. I always feel that I would do anything to make him a little frivolous and young and foolish. He is so absurdly serious, so 'faultily faultless.'"

"So witlessly wise," suggested Winifred.

"No, no, Winnie," said Mrs. Poynter, in her sweet tyrannical way. "I may abuse John as much as I like; but you are not his sister, and should have nothing to say in the matter. We must do something to amuse John while he is here. We will get up some expeditions. I will invite—let me see, whom shall I invite? There are the Richardsons—you don't know Sissy Richardson, do you? I will invite her. We often say—Robert and I—what a good thing it would be if only those two would fall in love with each other! They are so well suited. Sissy is such a model little woman, so thoroughly sensible—just the wife for John! She is so interested in things too—in nursing and the poor and things of that sort, I mean. It would be very nice for John."

"Very."

"We did think last time John was down that it might not be altogether impossible. They seemed to get on well together. I never knew John talk so eloquently; and Sissy really seemed to please John."

"Really?"

"We might go to Penlee Point. It is a little early in the year for the water; but I think we might do it."

"Oh, certainly! And the model young woman—do you think she will come?"

"You speak as though you disliked her, Winnie."

"Do I? That is because she is a model. I mistrust the model woman as I mistrust the model child."

"Oh, I have given you a wrong idea of Sissy! She is not at all strong-minded and priggish—you are thinking of a prig, I know. She is a sweet, meek, humble little thing."

"You make me dislike her still more, Amy. A thoroughly humble woman is an abomination in my eyes."

Mrs. Poynter laughed.

"Well, well, I won't invite her," she said soothingly.

"Oh, but please do! It would be altogether satisfactory, as you say, if John could obtain so perfectly sensible a wife. A model woman, with right views on the subject of the poor, and the excellent gift of humility added thereto would be the most suitable wife for John."

Mrs. Poynter said nothing, but she looked hard at Winifred for a minute, and watched her and John curiously when next she observed them together. And after that Winifred found herself constantly left alone with John in unforeseen and awkward circumstances.

The proposed expedition was planned and carried out. It was Easter-time, and the days were still cold, and the evenings drew in early, but it was decided cheerfully that this season of the year was after all perhaps the best for the row to Cawsand, and the quaint little village beyond Mount Edgcumbe, on the other side of the water, and for the brisk walk thence to Penlee and along the coast to Rame Head.

The morning chosen was cold but calm. Mrs. Poynter had been energetic; and it was a fairly large party that left the boat at Cawsand and stepped briskly forward, breaking up into small parties of twos and threes and agreeing cheerfully with one another that spring picnics always proved the most delightful.

For a few minutes during the walk John and Winifred found themselves together.

"We came here last time I was down," said John. "I remember the day very well; a Miss Richardson was with us—a very sensible girl indeed."

"Yes. Amy told me that. Very sensible, and interested in things, was she not—especially interested in the poor? It is pleasant to find some one who can meet us on our own ground—talk enthusiastically about our own work," observed Winifred, with unnecessary earnestness.

"You ought to know her," said John, feeling that he was pleasing Winifred for once. "You and she would have much in common, I am sure. Amy"—waiting a moment for Mrs. Poynter to come alongside—"what has become of that little Miss Richardson—your friend who was with us last year?"

"Winifred would not let me bring her," replied Mrs. Poynter promptly.

"My dear Amy," exclaimed Winifred,

her face flushing, "do have a little regard for truth!"

"I suggested one day," continued Amy, "that you might find a more unsuitable wife than Sissy—and I must say, John, that I think you might—but Winnie flouted the idea—said she hated a model person, and that sense in a woman was an abomination in her eyes."

Winifred tried to smile and to speak witheringly and carelessly.

"That sounds like a truthfully-reported speech, does it not?" she said. "You speak with such an air of rectitude, Amy, that John might almost believe you if he were credulous."

Later on in the day, as Mrs. Poynter sat on the rocks watching the waves dash in below, John came and sat down beside her. The rest of the party were scattered about near at hand; but the waves came in with a booming, deafening roar that was like a curtain of sound, and secrets might be confided and not overheard a yard away. John spoke carelessly, as though a random thought had occurred to him.

"Winnie was a little angry this morning with you. Was there any truth in what you said?"

"Yes—just a grain."

John remained silent for a few moments. His sister watched him with a happy smile on her lips.

"John," she said abruptly, after a pause, "you and Winnie puzzle me. As far as an outsider can judge, you are both in love—why in the world are you at such pains to hide the fact from each other?"

"I am not," replied John, rather incoherently. "Winnie knows all about it. You are mistaken about her—she refused me."

"She is in love with you, John."

"No; she has refused me twice," declared John.

"All the same, she is in love with you," said Amy conclusively. "My dear John do you suppose I do not know?"

And, although John rejected her comfort gloomily, her confidence was by no means displeasing to him.

It was late in the afternoon when the party started to walk back to the boat. John had lost sight of Winifred; he waited for some minutes, and then discovered that she had been one of the first to start.

As he followed, listening irritably to the light-hearted chatter of the companion who had fallen to his lot, and walking swiftly, the thought entered into his mind to make one more effort to speak to Winifred.

He would speak to her to-day—he must speak to her to-day, it became a necessity.

It was some time before he overtook her, and not till they were approaching Cawsand did he find an opportunity of speaking to her alone.

"Winnie," he said very quietly. "I have a request to make; I want you to grant it."

"What is it, John?"

"I want you to walk on to Cremyll with me. It is not a very long walk—a good many of us did it last year. We can take a boat from there; we shall be a much shorter time on the water, and be home nearly as soon as the others. I will speak to Amy. Will you come?"

"Who else is coming?"

"No one. Will you not come alone with me?"

For a moment she hesitated, then answered quietly—

"If you wish it, I will come."

A few minutes later they were walking alone, side by side, along the country road. Winifred was chiding herself for a foolish feeling of happiness, John realising the difficulty of uttering the words which a little while ago he had been so impatient to speak. They walked on in silence, only the sound of their footsteps on the hard road and the rustle of the wind among the hedge-row bushes breaking the stillness. When at last John spoke, it was no passionate eloquence, not even impulsively, but with an effort.

"I had something to say to you, Winnie. May I say it, or shall I offend you again?"

"I know what you would say," said Winnie, looking up almost piteously. "Let things be as they are, John. We are good friends now; let us be content."

"You may be content: I cannot be. I do not want a friend—I want a wife—I want you to be my wife!"

Winifred hesitated before she answered, but the denial was unwavering when it came.

"You know that I cannot be your wife. I have said it already."

"You will always say the same?"—"Always."

"Winifred, why are you so hard to me?" he asked, in a tone of deep, passionate sadness.

"I am not hard to you," said Winifred gently. "I do not mean to be hard. I think I believe now what you tell me, that you do care for me. But by-and-by you will forget about it—I am sure you will, John. You love me because you used to pity me so much—to pity me needlessly, you know, for work has never been the hardship you have imagined to me. You have loved me because you have tried so hard to love me. If once you would realise that I am happy, contented, and likely to remain contented, with my lot—if once you would satisfy yourself that my happiness and unhappiness are not in your hands, that you are not responsible for my weal and woe—the love would vanish."

John smiled bitterly, and after a pause said quite calmly—

"I would I think, give up loving you if I could, Winnie. I love you in spite of myself!"

After that there was a long silence before either spoke again.

"It is getting dark," said Winifred at last. "It will be dark—quite dark—before we reach Cremyll."

"It is not a very long pull across," replied John.

"Is this the road?" inquired Winifred. "I came this way once, but I suppose I have forgotten things—this does not seem like the way we came."

"I think it is right," said John absently; and again they walked on in silence.

"John, I am sure this is not the right road!" exclaimed Winifred at last. "There is a cottage. Do knock and ask."

They had come some distance out of their way, and were forced to retrace their steps. Darkness had quite closed in before they arrived at Cremyll. The wind had risen, and the waves were washing in angrily over the pebbles on the beach.

"It'll be a roughish night, sir," said the weather-beaten old waterman as he pushed his boat off the shingle—"wind's gaun roun' to nor'-east."

"It's not a very long pull," said John.

"Aw, no, sur! Soon put 'ee across. Take an oar, sur?"

John, with the best intention in the world, took the proffered oar for a minute, and made violent efforts with small result.

"Thank 'ee, sur," said the boatman civilly but crushingly—"get on better be meself, I reckon. A bit out o' practice—eh, sur?"

John laughed, and seated himself in the stern beside Winifred. He and the boatman conversed. Winifred leaned back, looked at the dark sky overhead, and was thoughtful. She had refused John, and she told herself that she was glad. But it was a sorry gladness.

Her heart felt like lead within her. Still she was glad—she would be glad; she had no business to love him—she was angry with herself for her weakness.

Nothing in the world should induce her to betray her love; she would get over it, as he too would get over his tiresome conscientious anxiety for her welfare.

The little boat rocked to and fro on the waves. The water was black, but the sky overhead looked blacker. Winifred shivered and drew her fleecy shawl more closely about her.

Was John's love anything more than kindheartedness, kindly pity, exaggerated anxiety? Was it likely to be more? How could she know? She could not know; therefore she was glad she had answered as she had.

The boatman was pulling painfully, and John had stopped talking, when suddenly Winifred realized the fact that her feet were unnaturally cold.

"John," she said, speaking quietly, but in a quick tone of anxiety, "my feet are wet. The water seems to be coming in. It is coming in—see!"

The water was indeed coming in; she had scarcely spoken before it was over the feet of both.

"The plug is out!" said John; and almost at the same moment he and the waterman were on their knees, seeking for the hole. A few seconds, and then "The plug is in!" cried John; and the boatman seized the oars, and began to pull again with all his strength, without uttering a word.

"It is still coming in," said Winnie, "John is it safe? What is it?"

John's face was white. He was still on his knees, searching for the leak, and still the water came steadily in.

"A plank has shifted, I think. It may be very little," he said quietly. "It seems to be here in the stern. We must lighten this part of the boat. Move to the bow—carefully."

The water came in more slowly then, but it still came in steadily. The waterman, great beads of perspiration rolling down his face, kept his eyes on it, yet never for a moment stopped pulling with all his might.

John watched him for a few moments, then took off the hard felt hat he was wearing, and proceeded to bale out the rising water as fast as he could.

"Can we call to the shore?" he cried to to the man.

"No good," was the brief reply, as the boatman pulled on steadily.

Indeed John realized that it would be of little good. The night was dark—moonless, starless, the sky one huge black cloud. The boat, a tiny speck on the black waves, would certainly not be discernable from shore.

The watermen beneath the Hoe must have deserted their posts long since. Who would hear a call for help? Nevertheless John called—called twice, thrice, loudly and more loudly.

Winifred did not stir. The water outside rose nearer and nearer to the edge of the boat, which moved more and more slowly towards the shore; the lights on the Hoe seemed as far away as ever; no help was coming.

She looked at John, and there was an expression in his eyes that even at that moment made her pulses throb gladly. That passionate, tender, yearning look was something more than love begotten of consideration. Her eyes, turned to him, grew tender like his own.

He gave up the task of baling out the water as hopeless; then her hand crept into his, and he clasped it firmly.

"John!"

"Winnie dearest!"

Neither spoke another word, but he drew her nearer to him. Hand in hand, silent, at peace with each other, they sat and watched the lights on the Hoe come nearer and the water rise higher, and calculated the chances of life and death.

Again John called—called lustily, with a voice that reached the shore. An answer came—perhaps the earlier summons had been heard, for, even as he called now, a boat shot out from the land and came rapidly towards them.

John drew a long breath of relief. They were making way but slowly—the gunwale of their boat was almost level with the dark cold sea outside—but the friendly little boat from shore came on swiftly. In another minute it was alongside, and they were safe.

The path beneath the Hoe was deserted when, some minutes later, they landed and walked on alone together, John holding Winnie's hands in his.

"Winnie, I am a blundering fool, I know," he was saying feelingly—"I say the thing I should not say—I understand. If we had died to-night dear, I should have died believing that your heart had softened towards me—that you loved me, Winnie."

Winifred looked up with a frank, steady glance.

"I never meant to own it," she said with a happy, reluctant smile, "but I have loved you always, John—always, for years and years!"

After Long Years.

BY L. G.

"PLEASE, ma'am, Miss Charlotte is not anywhere to be found," was the announcement which fell from the servant's lips like a thunder-bolt on the quiet group of prim old maids at Holly Cottage.

They were seated round the breakfast-table, three of them, with stiff little curls bobbing up and down under the borders of their plain caps.

The common little breakfast service; the tarnished plated ware; the bare room hung with conventional prints—everything betokened that hard, commonplace poverty which has no soul in it, and excites no sympathy because it only suggests pitiful pride.

The three Misses Traynor exchanged startled glances, and the eldest took upon herself to say, "Not to be found, you say, Mary? Are you sure you have looked everywhere?"

The household was of that uncomfortable order in which regularity is carried to the pitch of a positive nuisance.

The servants would rather have murdered a fellow-creature than served a meal one minute later than the appointed hour; and little Charlotte Traynor was more afraid of her three Mentors' grave and icy question, "How is it you are not ready in time, child?" than she could have been of the sternest rebuke of the sour-visaged bachelor rector of Hornleigh.

So the servant answered, according to the truth, that previous to troubling her mistress with the knowledge of the fact of the girl's disappearance, she had searched for her in every imaginable place.

When "Mary" had left the three Misses Traynor with this bit of news to digest with their strong green tea and scanty amount of buttered toast and rolls, the old ladies were at first quite silent.

At last one of them said, oracularly, "She has gone to her brother."

And then the Babel of tongues arose. There was only one thing in that house that owned no restrictions and despised any limits, and that was talk.

While these amiable guardians of an impulsive child are enjoying their talk, let us take the reader back a few years, and show him how poor Charlotte came to live in such an equivocal home as Holly Cottage.

She and her brother were orphans, the children of a brother of the old Misses Traynor, who had made a "low match;" and after emigrating to Australia, had, with his wife, fallen a victim to cholera.

The boy and girl had been brought home little more than babies: Charlotte a strong, robust child, and her brother comparatively a weakling.

One day when the boy, Allen, was about four years old, he had disappeared; and though the supposition that he had been carried off by gipsies had little foundation, still it was enough to explain the fact to the simple mind of Hornleigh.

The Misses Traynor had been far from kind to the little ones, and people pitied the girl who was left alone in their hands more than the boy who had been taken.

Charlotte became a different child from that day. Always passionate, determined, and masterful, she grew less manageable day by day.

At first she cried herself ill for the loss of the darling little brother whom she had petted and worshipped; but, by degrees, she began to fall into long, silent fits, her face working with suppressed excitement, and her precocious mind evidently struggling towards some conclusion that was wiser than her years.

Her aunts took no notice of this, save to call her undisciplined and thankless, and to thwart her by every means in their power, exercising the peculiarly feminine faculty of making the poor child's life a torment to her.

Charlotte gradually grew more and more dogged and reserved, shunned the society of other children who were kindly treated and had happy homes, and seemed to cling to the cottage with a fierce shyness very painful to see in one so young.

She never openly disobeyed her aunts, but kept up a perpetual defiant attitude, which puzzled the old ladies, while it exasperated them.

One day, five years after Allen's disappearance, the girl was noticed talking earnestly with a curious, nondescript kind of person who came to the garden gate of Holly Cottage on the most neglected side of the house—that leading to Hornleigh church-yard.

When questioned as to who her visitor was, she answered, sullenly "I won't tell."

And when asked if the interview had had any reference to her brother, she merely said, "If it had, it was nobody's business but mine."

Her aunts firmly believed, from that day forward, that Charlotte knew where her brother was, and meant, sooner or later, to join him. They kept a stricter watch than ever over the poor girl, who, in her desperation, began to shock them with her precocious unbelief, and rebellious, outspoken sentiments.

Thus two more years passed, till, one morning, the startling announcement with which we ushered in our story came as a sudden climax to the neglected and miserable life of the child.

Child, I have said, but she was a child no longer, at least in years; for she was now thirteen, though, in every feminine accomplishment, and even plain, useful knowledge, she was the merest novice.

And here Charlotte Traynor, neglected, misunderstood, and unhappy, drops out of our story, as out of the memory of her stiff, unsympathising aunts.

* * * * * *

Far away in a foreign city, among artists and students, a young Englishman, hardly twenty, has made himself beloved and conspicuous.

He is studying law, and has been here for two years. He has put off the mourning he wore at that time, which gave him such an interesting, girl-like air that all the romantic German maidens of the town fell straightaway in love with him.

He has grown cheerful and merry, though at times a sadness that sits well upon him clouds his brow and breaks his voice; but everywhere he is popular and admired, and Allen Traynor's name is a synonym for honor, perseverance, and manliness.

No longer the puny child we have cursorily heard of; he is now strong and healthy, and his intellect having developed with his natural growth, he is at the head of every class he successively enters.

Although such a favorite, Allen is still reserved. English in his predilection for solitary walks and uninterrupted reveries, and he owns at the university no friend save one.

Even this one complains of his English chum's occasional fits of reserve and flashes of eccentricity; still the friendship remains unbroken, and is thereby rendered all the more piquant.

Otto von Nenenberg is this youth's name—an artist, and erratic to a fault.

Here are the companions as they stroll by moonlight in the little public garden where, a few hours ago, Bavarian beer and Strauss' waltzes were dividing the attention of the *beau monde* of Quellen.

Says Otto, "I am determined, Allen, to search out your inner man, and test your friendly forbearance."

"Why, my dear Otto," says the other, laughingly, "one would think you were a young doctor talking of laying me open."

"You shall not escape with a joke," rejoins the other. "I daresay it is nothing more than a love-affair, after all: but, be it what it may, the hidden tale I must ferret out."

A painful change passed over Allen's countenance at the mention of a love-affair; but he answered, with gentle good humor, "And if it were; you could not follow it up, my friend." Then, after a pause, he added, "Do you know, Otto, an idea strikes me sometimes that if I were to go back to England I might do something there?"

"Do something! With your energy you could upset a kingdom!" laughed his friend. "But why not live quietly here, where so much awaits you, if you would only open your hand to take it?"

Allen was silent for a little time; then said, very gravely, "It is partly on that account that I wish to leave. I am in a false position here. What you have so often joked about is no joke to me, and to one other person. I have no right to remain, as I cannot fulfil the hopes that have been ignorantly built upon me."

"Why not fulfil them, I ask you again?"

"That is my business. It is enough that I cannot."

"Well, if there ever was an infatuated young man, you are he, I must say," cried Otto. "You are smiled upon both by father and daughter. The former offers you his family influence, his name, and his inheritance; and the latter plainly worships you, and you refuse. He has a castle twenty miles from here, in the loveliest chestnut woods in the country, and the little maiden is a flower in herself—as pretty a Gretchen as any in a picture. You will be a Baron here, and nothing but an obscure lawyer in England. You must have some lady-love to put a spoke in such a wheel as this."

Again a slight contraction, as of pain, passed over the English student's face, and impatiently he turned to Otto.

"Spare me those childish reiterations, for Heaven's sake, Otto, and give me some practical advice! I want to get away out of this entanglement, and that was why I came here for an uninterrupted talk. It is mere waste of time talking about my foolish past. There is nothing worth speaking of; the future is all in all."

A yearning expression softened the young man's voice as he said those last words, but his friend took him up sharply.

"And you have a fortune ready carved out for you here, and you will not stretch out your hand to make it your own!"

"Otto," said Allen, forcing himself to be gay, "is it not strange that you, the artist,

should be preaching common sense to me the lawyer?"

"Oh," was the other's rejoinder, "a doctor can't cure himself. You are not fit to be your own attorney."

"Let us be serious, dear friend," said Allen, pathetically. "I must leave this soon, and I want you to tell these people how it is."

"And am I to step into your shoes?"

Allen grew pale, but with great firmness controlled his emotion.

"Heaven knows, Otto! If it would make you happy, you have my best wishes. Are you serious?"

"Ha, ha, my indifferent friend! Have I caught you at last?" laughed the incorrigible artist. "You can, from some ridiculous Quixotic notion about your being a waif, or a gipsy's child, give up your pretty one; but to see another woo and win her is too much—eh?"

"Do not joke, my friend," said Allen, in a voice unnaturally calm. "I may not see you again after to-morrow's parting, and I ask you to do me one last act of friendship, by putting my behavior in the best light before those good, kind people, who have taken to me so strangely. Will you do it, and ask no questions?"

"Upon my word, Allen, you are as tragical as if you were going to commit suicide."

Allen visibly shuddered.

"You task me heavily," continued the bright young German, "especially my curiosity, which, you know, is a part of myself."

Allen turned on his friend with a suddenly passionate cry.

"For God's sake, don't trifle so, Otto! You might be sorry for it some day."

"I am afraid you are ill, Allen," was Otto's quieter and tenderer answer. "Come home, and we will settle it on the way."

Allen pressed his friend's arm in silence; then, after a few minutes' walk, as they came to a rustic bench, he sat down.

Patiently Otto imitated him. Then the young Englishman began in an excited, yet forcibly collected manner:—

"I have often said to myself that I was not meant to be inactive and unknown. I have gone through a great deal more than you could dream of, Otto, to become the little I now am. I have studied hard under the most disheartening circumstances. I am ambitious, and I know I am eccentric. I sink, I die early, no doubt, but something must be achieved before I die. My nature seems to crave for distinction, life, or struggle. I feel powers in me that were thwarted too long not to break out volcanically now, and I feel that in my own country, and in my own tongue, I could do much. No one knows it either, true, but I can get over that. [illegible] will not allow me to remain here any longer, and I cannot waste my time elsewhere, so I shall leave to-morrow. It is hard to tear up one's heart by the root, and this is the only place where I have ever been happy. But, Otto, it is always bleeding hearts who have done the great things of history; and quiet, domestic persons, with narrow ideas, and calm, happy feelings, never make a figure in the world. If I have been happy, friend, it has been chiefly your doing; and if you hear of my success, that will be my chief reward. And now let us say farewell."

Otto had listened with kind sympathy to the other's outburst of pent-up, feverish eloquence.

Soothingly, as to a child, he answered now—

"I think your plan is a good one, Allen, but do not be rash in putting it into execution. Leave here, by all means, if that will relieve your mind, and then go to work in a business-like manner to make your way to England. Depend upon it, you will always want common sense to leaven your enthusiasm. I will take your message to the Gretchen, and let you know how they feel at the castle. Of course, I was only joking, old friend, in what I said about her just now, so make your mind easy. I am as heart-whole as a wooden doll, or one of my own lay figures."

Allen turned slowly towards his friend, and said, "God grant that it may always be so, Otto!"

"I wish you would make a clean breast of it, dear old fellow" said good-natured Otto, with a burst of hearty sympathy; it would relieve you, and, after you are gone, what will it matter?"

"No," said Allen, firmly. "Forgive me, but I want our parting to be a happy remembrance, and I could not mar it by the recital of past sorrows."

"That is an unconscious admittal," said Otto, slyly.

But Allen took no notice, and stood up to go towards home.

"You will let me see you off at the railway?" asked the young German, before they parted.

But Allen Traynor answered, "Thanks, [illegible]. I know you mean it kindly; but as a favor, I beg you not to come. I shall be better alone. God bless you! and if we never meet again——"

He could not end the sentence, but turned abruptly away to hide his feelings. It was [illegible] shook hands first, and then, German fashion, suddenly embraced him.

Allen shuddered as he did so. Otto remembered that the young man had always resented any attempt at this innocent form of familiarity, and indeed had even repulsed him, in fact from the first occasion of [illegible] It had never been attempted the second time by anyone, and I presume had agreed at last to take it for granted that it was shyness, not pride, which prompted their favorite's cold manner.

Otto, however, felt that this farewell was an exceptional occasion, and he was glad he had taken the unprovoked liberty now that he was to meet his friend no more.

The next morning Allen Traynor was no longer in Quellen.

* * * * * *

Five years had elapsed, and all the changes that five years bring with them had successively startled the world—the world of Europe and the "world" of Hornleigh.

The old ladies of Holly Cottage were no longer three; one had died, and of the two that remained one was hopelessly paralyzed. Meanwhile the London world had been electrified by certain anonymous satires, written with a dash and verve unknown for many years in the sleepy annals of political literature.

A few people knew the author, so they said; he was a brilliant young barrister, half a foreigner who had rapidly attained as much honor in his profession as his years would allow.

By degrees he was induced to append his initials to the yellow-covered pamphlets which had already anonymously established his reputation.

These, of course, never reached Hornleigh, but later, when the author's name was no longer a secret, and a caustic and popular novel made it known even among country circulating libraries, the old Misses Traynor read, with something like stupefaction, the name of the lost boy of twelve years ago, and identified it with the rising author and barrister of to-day.

They wrote to him feeble, penitent, driveling little notes, and asked many questions about his sister, and received in reply a frigid communication to the effect that his sister, Charlotte Traynor, had died abroad, many years ago of heart disease, hastened by excessive study.

Of himself the successful young lawyer said absolutely nothing, and to his aunts' timid invitation to go down to Hornleigh for a couple of days, he answered that he would probably have no time to spare.

But the old ladies were not to be disappointed. It so happened that a criminal case of great consequence was to be tried in the county town five miles from Hornleigh, and who should the junior counsel for the prosecution be but our friend, Allen Traynor!

The senior counsel, who was a personal friend, and a great patron of the brilliant young barrister, conveniently found an excuse for not attending in person, and the task fell to Allen, to the great satisfaction and no less curiosity of everyone.

Hundreds who remembered the fair-haired girlish boy playing on the lawn of Holly Cottage went to the assizes to hear the new Pitt, as everyone called him, and the old aunt who was not paralyzed actually thawed so far as to be present in court herself.

To make a long story short, Allen's success was unprecedented, but his colleagues and brother practitioners had never known him to be so agitated.

His [illegible] came and went like a [illegible] his fingers clasped themselves nervously together, and his speech, rapid, eloquent and to the point, as it was, nevertheless betrayed some hidden undercurrent of emotion that seemed almost stronger than the feelings aroused by the [illegible] he was undergoing.

His side was triumphant, yet he heeded the triumph but little, and it was said afterwards that, before he left the town, he sought out the wife and family of the man whom he helped to convict—and most justly—and placed in their hands a handsome sum of money.

Miss Traynor hastened to repeat her invitation to her nephew. He civilly, but coldly accepted it for luncheon, but said he could not spare a night as he had work waiting for him at his publisher's.

He was silent and reserved, almost sullen, though he was very deferential to the paralyzed aunt, whom he found at Holly Cottage, sitting up for him in an invalid-chair.

He spoke of Charlotte as of a clever, earnest, passionate girl, whose loss had been the greatest sorrow of his life; but he gave few details as to her death, or their life together in foreign lands.

He asked all kinds of questions about her [illegible], and was deeply interested in all they had to tell. His aunts remarked how like her he had grown, whereupon he blushed and a tear almost glistened in his eye. He said carelessly that he was going to Germany in a few days, and would perhaps return to Hornleigh when he came back.

And so, very rapidly, he had come and gone, and left his aunts and his old friends in a dream of admiration. To them he was still a "boy."

And so, indeed, he looked, beardless and fair-haired, though bronzed by exercise and exposure. His coming was a topic of conversation for months after, until the gossip was ousted by more startling [illegible] yet.

Quiet was another [illegible]. As the old aunts [illegible], the [illegible] and fellowship departed, and crowds [illegible] filling the old places—nothing was the same; but Otto von Neuenberg had written from Rome to his English friend, and they were to meet in the public gardens as of old.

The artist was full of his profession, his success, his order for an Eastern scene, to be painted on the spot—Nazareth—(all expenses liberally paid), his studio at Rome, etc.

The meeting was almost silent. Otto thought Allen cold and [illegible], and put it down to [illegible], and [illegible] [illegible] work.

"My dear [illegible], I have brought a treasure who will [illegible] of you," he said, "if you will come with me to Rome, and let us vegetate a month or so; or, better still, come with me to the Holy Land. You look as dreamy and abstracted as ever, only a little more worn. An Eastern tour will do you a world of good."

Allen's eyes glistened, but he answered: "No, dear friend; I am tired of excitement, tired of rest, tired of life, in fact. I have lived too fast, and nothing gives me pleasure now, not even the fame I used to long for."

"And which you have amply won," put in Otto soothingly. "You will come?"

The friends had a long confidential talk, and parted for an hour or so before supper, which they agreed to take together at the "Golden Crown." As they separated, Allen said:

"Good-bye, old friend; I have looked forward to this meeting for years, and I feel happier than I ever have before."

The time for supper came, but Allen was late. His friend knocked at his door in vain, looked in, but did not see him, and after searching everywhere, found him in the public gardens, lying on the very seat where they had parted five years ago, a revolver by his side, and in his stiffened hands a letter addressed to Otto. It ran thus:

"I loved you, Otto, and he whom you took for a friend was a woman, whose heart only beat for you ever since we grew acquainted. Pity and forgive me. If you think kindly of me when I am gone, I shall not have lived in vain. Let not the world know of this. My brother died at sixteen, and I took his name.

"CHARLOTTE TRAYNOR (my real name)."

CONCEITED PEOPLE.—Minerva threw away the flute, when she found that it puffed up her cheeks; but if we cast away the flute now-a-days, it is that we may take a larger instrument of puffing, by becoming our own trumpeters.

Empty minds are the most prone to soar above their proper sphere, like paper kites, which are kept aloft by their own lightness; while those that are better stored are prone to humility, like heavily laden vessels, of which we see the less the more richly and deeply freighted.

The corn bends itself downwards when its ears are filled, but when the heads of the conceited are filled, with self-adulation, they only lift them up higher. Perhaps it is a benevolent provision of Providence that we should possess in fancy those good qualities which are held from us in reality; for if we did not occasionally think well of ourselves, we should be more apt to think ill of others.

It must be confessed that the conceited and the vain have a light and pleasant duty to perform, since they have but one to please, and in that object they seldom fail.

Self-love, moreover, is the only love not akin to the pangs of jealousy. Pity! that a quick perception of our own deserts generally blinds us to the merits of others; that we should see more than all the world in the former instance, and less in the latter!

In one respect, conceited people show a degree of discernment for which they deserve credit—they soon become tired of their own company.

Especially fortunate are they in another respect; for while the really wise, witty, and beautiful are subject to casualties of defeat, age and sickness, the imaginary possessor of those qualities wears a charmed life, and fears not the assaults of fate or time, since a nonentity is invulnerable.

Even the really gifted, however, may sometimes become conceited. Northcote, the artist, whose intellectual powers were equal to his professional talent, and who thought it much easier for a man to be his superior than his equal, being once asked what he thought of the Prince Regent of England, replied, "I am not acquainted with him."—"Why, his royal highness says he knows you."—"Know me!—Pooh! that's all his brag."

WORDS.—No substance can be moulded into such a wondrous variety of shapes as words; none can be made to serve so many purposes.

In the furnace of the reformer, heated seven times hotter than human nature is wont to be heated, they are hammered into an iron cestus, and the strokes of his heavy blows, wielded by his royal sense of right, banishing the promises of better eras, stir the languid blood of conversation, while he wields his convictions of broader principles to the links that lengthen out the chains of liberty and justice.

A taste for sentimental perfumery binds them into boquets, picked from the blossoms of fancy to regale the poetic sense with its peck of sweets.

Sometimes they appear to the mental vision in rhetorical comets; and sail high overhead, with long, bushy tails of sparkling brilliancy.

Then again they form the bow to wing the arrow of truth, which, shot with practiced skill, quivers and rankles in the right place, piercing through obtuse sensibilities and thick-hided prejudices, into the core of conscience.

They wrap in their mystic folds the destiny of the hottest lover, like a decree of exile or adoption, and ravish him with ecstatic hopes, or doom him to the outer darkness of despair.

They can pour trouble into the bosom so that it can neither sleep nor hunger. They can torture the passions into madness, or [illegible] into peace. They can [illegible] the [illegible] with a [illegible] for its [illegible] of sin, and [illegible] with the [illegible] of virtue.

A TOMB is a monument place on the limits of two worlds.

AT HOME AND ABROAD.

Nearly half a century ago the fee exacted by the Dean of Westminster for the admission of Bacon's monument to the Earl of Chatham was $3500. Since that time the same system of extortion has gone on, although Westminster Abbey is in theory a place where the bust of the poorest peasant can find a niche, provided he was a genius whom his country admired. It appears that sculptors are willing to pay this fee in order to enter their work in the museum of England's departed heroes. The last case of the kind excited so much public disgust that the Chapter abated a good deal from its first charge.

The following tragedy reads like an occurrence in the Middle Ages. Three Russian monks traveling in Samara found on the road a purse containing $50 000. They were begging fathers, wandering to collect money for their community. Seeking shelter for the night in an inn at Dubewoji, they spoke of their find, and excited the cupidity of the innkeeper, who determined to get possession of the money. So in the dead of the night he crept into the room where the three monks were sleeping, and horrible to relate, he cut all their throats, and took away the treasure. Shortly afterwards a Cossack dashed into the inn, come to claim the money which he had lost on the road, as he was taking it by order somewhere. The innkeeper has been arrested.

A Buffalo (N. Y.) prison official is quoted as saying that the latest fad in prison management is tattooing. "It is a ready means of identification," he adds, "and is bound to become popular in prison management. My idea is to tattoo a convict every time he is imprisoned, and then we'll have his record as clear as the moon at midnight. Let each penal institution adopt a different mark or monogram and the problem to identify convicts will be solved. It is the simplest and best system yet proposed. To some persons it may seem as foolish as branding, but it [illegible] hurting [illegible] pain, and [illegible] convicts' backs, arms, or legs and would not [illegible] reformed convicts. Tattooing is now followed in several penal institutions abroad, and I understand that it is to be introduced in the State Prison at Joliet, Ill. It might be a good thing to try in the Erie County Penitentiary."

So strong was the attachment of a Brooklyn family for a pet canary which recently died, that they determined, so the story goes, to give the bird an elaborate burial. Accordingly a regular coffin manufacturer was employed to make a pretty and costly casket for the deceased songster, and the remains were deposited in it as tenderly as if they had been those of a human being. The casket was then taken up to Haverstraw, N. Y., accompanied by several mourning friends, and a brief and solemn funeral service was held in that place. In regular procession the party marched to the cemetery where the gravedigger had prepared a hole to receive the dead bird. When the tiny box was put in the earth and covered with dirt, "some appropriate mourner's tears" were shed, and the friends of the deceased canary wended their way back gloomily to the village and afterwards returned to Brooklyn. So it is related by a Nyack correspondent.

A prominent writer says: "of two things men and women are never weary—hearing the [illegible] and seeing themselves in print. The practical [illegible] of these proclivities is: in private life the habit of giving advice which in itself is retrospective censure; in public, having an opinion a theory—of which the outcome is writing to the papers, proving every one but the writer dense-witted, thick-headed, mole-eyed. In all times of public excitement and administrative perplexity these [illegible] are aware [illegible]. Some have [illegible] some neither. Some trace the [illegible] of crime as clearly as [illegible] to its source in the mountains; others give methods by which the criminal may be detected as easily as you can unearth a fox or start a hare. All assume the utter stupidity if not the wilful indifference in the powers of the authority over us, and laugh to scorn the idea that trained faculties are equal to intuitive perceptions."

The organizations among women are of every conceivable kind and nature, from the church sewing society to the women's suffrage associations. The latest is perhaps the most unique. It is called "The Kindly Club," is not officered, and has its headquarters in New York. Its object is the cultivation of kindly thought by kindly words, and by the suppression of "evil speaking, lying and slandering." The only [illegible] demanded of a member is that she [illegible] pledge herself to [illegible] and [illegible] to [illegible] to repeat [illegible] to the injury, real or [illegible], of [illegible] or seem to. [illegible] In a [illegible], where [illegible] as in [illegible] law of [illegible] and [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]

Our Young Folks.

ONE FOR ANOTHER.

BY E. C. CUTHELL.

THE autumn sunshine peeped in cheerily through the tall windows of a city children's hospital.

It lighted up many pale wan little faces, stretched, some of them, on beds of suffering, and feeble small voices exclaimed:

"What a fine day, nurse!"

"Yes," replied the nurse, "it is a lovely day—'specially down in the country."

"What's the country, nurse?" asked Tommy, lying flat on his back, with his leg cut off. But he hoped to have a wooden one soon, so the doctors said.

"Why, it's all green-like," replied the little girl, with her head plastered up from a fearful burn. "I've been there once in a van. There were swings and merry-go-rounds, and buns and milk."

"Ay, and flowers, too, I've heard tell," put in someone else, "flowers as don't belong to no one—flowers as anyone may pick. God's flowers, teacher said.

"Oh, my!" returned Tommy. "That must be fine, only it would take a lot o' running about, and the doctors says I'll never run about no more."

"Nurse," put in a fresh voice, "have you ever seen the sea—the sea where the ships go, where you watch 'em a-sailin' and a-sailin' away down the river from the embankment?"

"Oh, yes; I've seen the sea," replied the nurse. "I spent my last holiday there."

"Has no one ever seen the sea?" asked a lady, one of the visitors who came regularly to the hospital.

She had been telling a story to Tommy, and had just finished it when the above talk began.

But no one answered "Yes." No one had seen the sea. In fact, no one, except Susie, who had asked about where the ships went to, had even seemed to have thought about it.

Down at the Dunhead Cove the spring sunshine shone brightly too, and it shone on a busy scene.

No white wan faces there. Every one was tanned a healthy red, from being out of doors all day, in all sorts of winds and weather.

The fishermen were getting their boats ready, fitting them out, repairing them for the season, for the mackerel were coming in.

The women were busy mending the nets, and even the children were occupied in getting out shrimp nets, and mending baskets or went cockle-hunting in the sand.

Then, when the tide went out, leaving inviting looking pools along the shore, it was warm enough to paddle.

What fun was in store now during the warm months for the children at Dunhead Cove!

But one day quite a new excitement happened. A stranger came down to the Cove, and walked about, in and out of the houses, making inquiries.

A stranger was a great rarity at Dunhead, and the lady was followed about by a crowd of open-mouthed children. She spoke kindly to them, and patted their rosy cheeks, so different from any she was in the habit of seeing, for she was the lady whom we saw visiting the children's hospital.

She went away, but not before she had agreed to hire Widow Blake's cottage and the empty one next door.

She went away, but the excitement had, as it were, only begun. Carts came, bringing furniture to the cottages, so many bedsteads.

"Who were coming?" asked the children of each other. "Who were these visitors to be?"

And the last thing that came was a wicker wheel chair, too large for a baby, and too small for a man. It puzzled the children of the Cove immensely, for they had hardly ever seen a perambulator.

Then, last of all, came the visitors, and the lady brought them. And who do you think they were? Why, none other than the children from the hospital.

There was Tommy, just getting used to his wooden leg, and able to manage his crutches. There was the burnt child, Kitty, her face nearly well but for the dreadful scar, little Susie, and many others.

And you should have heard the frantic shouts of delight when the farmer's cart that brought them turned the corner of the hill into the road which led down into the Cove, and the children caught their first sight of the sea!

The lady who brought them smiled quietly to herself. It was the best "Thank you" she could have had.

Susie was so tired with her journey, for she was still very weak, that she slept late next morning.

When she awoke the sun was shining brightly, and though all was very still, there was a gentle murmur in the air, the like of which she had never heard before.

On and on it went, and never stopped. Susie lay and listened a moment, and then suddenly remembered what it must be—the sea, of course.

The children hurried over their breakfast—that is to say, they hurried as much as they can, but somehow every one is busier than they had been in the day. And then what fun it was to eat bread and butter had one kind lady provided!

The moment breakfast was over there was a rush for the shore. The awakening children spread themselves over the sands, running and shouting, here and there stopping to pick up shells or some wonderful treasure, digging, rolling, playing with the water.

Susie wandered on by herself. She was naturally rather a dreamy solitary child, and at last, tired out, for the sand was heavy walking, she sat down, her basket half filled with shells by her side, and looked at the sea.

So this was the great, wide, wonderful sea about which she had wondered so long, and which she had so wished, so longed to see.

How mysterious it seemed, stretching far away, Susie knew not where, till it met the sky.

Little wavelets came and danced at her feet as if laughing to her. Sea-gulls flew about over sea and shore, and, as Susie sat so very still, a bevy of little sand-pipers hopped about on the edge near her, unafraid. What a wonderful beautiful new world it seemed to her.

Suddenly she awoke sharply out of her dream. A little wave came and splashed right up to her very feet. Susie jumped up frightened and looked round. Where was she?

All around was water; the tide had come up and completely surrounded the low point of sand on to which she had wandered.

A horrible fear seized Susie—suppose it should come up and cover it altogether. She ran about, up and down, dreadfully frightened, and not knowing what to do.

At one time she thought she would take off her shoes and stockings and wade across to the land. But the water looked deep and she was frightened.

In her despair she sat down again and burst into tears, expecting to be drowned, and heartily wishing herself back in the city, and feeling sorry she had ever come near this beautiful, treacherous sea.

"Hi, there! Hi—i!"

A voice made her look up. Round the corner of the point had come a little boat, and in the boat, sat a sailor-boy with a blue jersey calling to her. Susie jumped up and waved her hat frantically.

To her intense joy the boy saw her signal. The boat came nearer and nearer and then it stopped. Susie's heart sank. She was not going to be saved after all.

But no, it was all right. The boy took off his shoes and waded through the rising tide to the place where Susie stood.

"You be one o' the town children, I suppose?" he asked rather scornfully. "Well, it be a good thing for you I chanced to come round the point when I did."

So saying, he picked up the little girl in his arms. She, between fear and joy began to cry again, hiding her face on his rough jersey.

He splashed through the sea again to the boat, and popped her in.

"Oh! I *am* glad," said Susie, drying her eyes. "You're a good boy. What's your name!"

"Jim," he replied. "Now sit still, and I'll soon take you round into the Cove."

I do not know who was the more delighted—Susie, when she found herself once more at Widow Blake's cottage, or the lady to see Jim bring her back. She had been very much alarmed at finding one of her charges missing.

Susie was none the worse for her adventure. In the fine air of Dunhead Cove her cheeks soon grew rosy and her limbs strong; so that when she went back to London, very sad to leave, her mother declared she hardly knew her.

It was one dismal, foggy autumn day, some months later, that Susie, who had been sent on an errand by her mother, found herself waiting at the corner of the street for a chance of crossing among the stream of vehicles.

Suddenly in front of her dashed a sailor lad in his jersey. But he had not chosen his time well, and before her very eyes he was knocked down by a cab, hitting his head heavily against the kerb-stone.

When the police picked him up he seemed stunned, and lay motionless.

"Call a cab, Bill," said the policeman; "we must put him in and take him to the 'orspittle.'"

But a little girl rushed up to them.

"No' please, Mr. Policeman, it's Jim, as saved me from getting drowned. Let me take him home; mother will see to him."

As she spoke Jim opened his eyes, and smiled a recognition to her.

"Why, if it ain't the little city girl!"

Thus the poor sailor lad, helpless in the vast whirl of city life, found friends and help in Susie's parents; and under their kind care he soon recovered.

A FEW FAMILIAR QUOTATIONS.—Shakespeare gives us more familiar maxims than any other writer. To him we owe, "All is not gold that glitters" "They sang that song." "Make a virtue of necessity," "Screw your courage to the sticking place" "Let patient Griselda the moral now," "Time is the short and long of it," "Conscience doth make cowards of us all," "As merry as the day is long," "A babbler! a babbler! I protest, by my faith, my name is Woman, and a host of others.

Washington Irving gives "The almighty dollar."

Thomas Tusser, a writer of the sixteenth century, gives us "Better late than never," "Look ere you leap," and "The stone that is rolling can gather no moss."

"Eat, drink, and be merry" is found in Ecclesiastes.

Lyly says, "None but the brave deserve the fair," "Men are but children of a larger growth," and "Hanging and wiving go by destiny." "Wives, children, and friends which a man leaves behind him are but hostages to fortune." "Wise men learn much by the errors of others, fools by their own." "Light gains make heavy purses." "Light come, light go." "Light heels are commended, but not light fingers." "Light burdens are easily borne." "Light is the darkness which comes from the candle." "Light winning makes heavy sparing." "Light purses are heavy curses." "Light heart lives long." "Light is the shadow of heavy." "Light is the bird of the air." "Light is the fairy's money, which changes to dross." "Light is the lover's purse, heavy his heart." "Light is the thief that steals himself." "Light is the wench that wears her own dowry." "Light is the wife that brings her husband no portion." "Light is the horse that carries the fool." "Light is the lady that lies in bed." "Light is the maid that makes the maid." "Light is the servant that waits on all." "Light is the thief that steals from himself." "Light is the wench that wears her own dowry." "Light is the wife that brings her husband no portion." "Light is the horse that carries the fool." "Light is the lady that lies in bed." "Light is the maid that makes the maid." "Light is the servant that waits on all." "Light is the thief that steals from himself."

Then was the tug of war" came from Nathaniel Lee. "Of two evils I have chosen the least," and "The end must justify the means," are from Matthew Prior.

Cowper gives us "Variety is the very spice of life," and "Not much the worse for wear."

"Man proposes, but God disposes," came from Thomas a Kempis.

Christopher Marlowe gave forth the invitation so often repeated by his brothers in a less public way, "Love me little, love me long."

Edward Coke was of the opinion that "A man's house is his castle."

To Milton we owe "The Paradise of fools," "A wilderness of sweets," and "Moping melancholy and moonstruck madness."

Edward Young tells us "Death loves a shining mark," and "A fool at forty is a fool indeed."

From Bacon comes "Knowledge is power."

Thomas Southerne reminds us that "Pity's akin to love;" while Swift thought that "Bread is the staff of life."

THE CAPTAIN'S TELESCOPE.

BY D. KER.

THE good ship "Carpentaria" was just about to sail for Australia, and her master, Captain Gaskett, was dining with her owner, Mr. Graham, who had invited several friends to meet him, wishing to make his last meal on land as pleasant as possible.

When the dinner had gone out and the dessert had come in,—a little rosy-cheeked girl with long fair hair—the merchant's only child and his special pet—came tripping into the room with a long ship-telescope in her hand.

She went round the table with a very earnest look on her fresh little face (as if charged with some business of vast importance), and walked straight up to the captain.

"Captain Gaskett, here's a telescope for you, and I hope it'll do you a great deal of good and knock down all your enemies!"

A general laugh followed this original "presentation speech," and one of the guests called out—

"Why, Lizzie, do you think Captain Gaskett's going to board the first ship he meets with that telescope in his hand, and knock all the crew into the sea with it? He'd be hanged for a pirate if he did that, you know, and that would never do."

Poor Lizzie's face fell as she saw that everyone was laughing at her, and her large blue eyes filled with tears.

"Never mind, my little lass," said the captain soothingly, as he stroked the golden curls with his strong brown hands. "It's a very nice telescope, and when I'm far away from home I'll think of the kind little girl who gave it to me every time I use it."

Captain Gaskett might perhaps have made a more elegant speech in acknowledgment of the gift, but he could hardly have made a better one for his purpose.

Lizzie's tearful face brightened at once; but neither she, nor the captain himself, nor indeed anyone else, could have guessed in what a very strange way that telescope was to be of use to him before long.

The voyage upon which the worthy captain was now starting was the most trying one that he had ever made.

Hitherto he had been wonderfully successful in all his trips to Australia, and when he went on board the ship to sail upon a fresh voyage he did so as gaily as a schoolboy going home for the holidays.

But on this voyage he was restless and anxious, and certainly not without good reason; for it was the time when gold had just been discovered in Australia, and everybody was mad to get to the gold-diggings and make a fortune at once.

Now the captain felt pretty certain that as soon as he got to Melbourne his men would contrive to slip ashore somehow, and be off to try their fortune as gold-diggers, leaving him to get his ship home again as best way he could, and as very little chance of finding fresh seamen to fill their places, it was not very likely that the offer of a few dollars a month would tempt men who were expecting to make thousands of dollars a single day. So, altogether, poor Captain Gaskett really had some cause to feel uncomfortable.

However, all went well with him till within two days' sail of the Australian coast, when a heavy gale caught the poor ship, breaking her bowsprit, stripping in one side of her deck-house, carrying away three of her quarter-boats, and damaging three more, so that only two were left fit for use.

Worse still, the first officer was knocked down and badly hurt and as the third officer happened to be [illegible] the captain and second officer had to do the work.

When they reached Melbourne the sailors (as the captain had expected) [illegible] watched them so closely that for the first three days they never got the slightest chance.

[illegible] however the second officer had to go on board, and [illegible] fast asleep.

When he awoke again, [illegible] all the boats were gone, and [illegible] with as many men as would [illegible] already ten yards away from the ship's side and making for the shore!

What was to be done? The deserters were beyond the reach of anything but a bullet, and Captain Gaskett had neither gun nor pistol on board.

For a moment he stood motionless, quite at loss what to do; and then he made one spring to the long telescope which little Lizzie had given him, and, leveling it over the bulwarks like a musket, roared at the full pitch of his mighty voice:

"Come back this moment, you skulking runaways, or I'll send a charge of shot among you! Come back, d'ye hear? I won't tell you twice!"

So like a gun did the telescope look in that dim light, and so stern and threatening was Captain Gaskett's tone, that the sailors were completely cowed, and rowed back to the ship without a word.

And when the captain told the story at Mr. Graham's dinner-table at home three months later, little Lizzie was greatly delighted to find that she had spoken truly, and that Captain Gaskett had won a kind of victory with the telescope she gave him, after all.

REASON OR INSTINCT?—A few years since some boys, in flying a kite, dropped it accidentally over a telegraph wire, whence the string fell down several feet in the mid air. A female sparrow coveted the string to weave into her nest. She pecked at it, on the wing, several times unsuccessful and at last succeeded in getting one foot and leg entangled.

It proved to be a painful and precarious position. In vain she fluttered and tried to escape. Her calls were soon answered by nearly a hundred sparrows which sat in rows chirping, occasionally flying down to the imprisoned bird near enough to understand the situation.

At length, as if by preconcerted agreement, they started in a circle around the fettered bird; each bird with the certainty of a well-aimed arrow nipped the string with its bill.

Finally the string parted suddenly; the prisoner nearly touched the ground before she recovered herself from the fall. She flew to an adjoining building where her mates and herself soon loosened the obnoxious string, and she flew with it to her nest.

Several hundred men and boys stood admiring witnesses of the untrained performances of these so-called mischievous birds. Suggestions of instinct, reason, perseverance, etc., fell from admiring lips; but the question, "Was it reason?" remained unanswered by those who allow to men only this high prerogative. As he is only concerned with facts, it is not the writer's province to answer that question.

FIRST ATTEMPTS.—"It will do," has very often been the saying. What costs little labor seldom deserves much praise. If we acquire the habit of thinking that performances are already well enough, while we have the power of making them still better, we shall gradually bestow less and less pains, and still content ourselves with their execution.

The sheet of paper is still extant on which Ariosto wrote an octave, describing a tempest in sixteen different ways, and it was the last which was preferred. Tasso found rhymes, with great difficulty. Yet these were men of great genius.

Who, with such examples before them, ought to be contented with first efforts? It will generally be found that what is called genius may be resolved into a union of a strong taste for some particular study or art, with great industry in mastering it. The professor rarely says of a bad performance, "It will do."

We have seen an easel with the motto "Try again" on it, which perhaps shamed its owner out of lameness and despondency; and the same motto is carried by most geniuses in their hearts. We all know how thankless are the services of those who carry the principle "It will do" into their familiar intercourse with others; how niggardly is the kindness which it promotes—how scant the good offices which it sanctions.

SEEKING ADVICE.—Don't seek advice in love-affairs from an old maid who has been crossed in love, a bachelor who has been jilted, a woman who married her husband's pocket book, or a man who happens to be henpecked. Don't confide in your girl friends; to keep a secret in a love-affair would kill them. Don't consult your minister; he'll have the marriage-fee in view. If you go to your family physician, he will say your liver is affected in place of your heart. If you must get instructions from somebody, why not ask your mother how she used to manage things with your father? True love didn't run any smoother in old times than it does to-day, and since she knows how it is herself, we can't think, just now, of any better way to advise you.

LADY NURSES.—Speaking of volunteer lady nurses in the time of war, a soldier says: "Some of the nurses are wise, and [illegible] few [illegible] that their patients [illegible] while others, [illegible] all of one mind that the patient should be constantly bathed with water or with scent. "Poor fellow!" one lady was heard to say, while tears of compassion stood in her eyes, "poor fellow you are suffering! It will relieve you if I wash your face." The young fellow said nothing until his nurse had [illegible] his face, then he turned to the wall with a groan, and muttered: "That's the ninth lady as has been at me to-day."

THE KING'S FOOL.

The king one day, in generous mood,
  Presented to his fool
A cap of wondrous beauty rare,
  But first laid down this rule:

When you can find a greater fool
  Than thou, O clown," he said,
"Present him with my compliments,
  And place this on his head."

The king was taken ill one day,
  And feeling death was near,
He sent a summons for his fool,
  Who quickly did appear.

"I'm going on a journey soon,
  From which I'll ne'er return,"
The king said, speaking low and sad;
  "The way I've yet to learn."

"Then you've no preparation made
  In all these years, O king?"
The fool said, wond'ring, to his lord;
  "Now give me leave to bring

"An article which you once gave
  To me, in gracious mood,
With words to find a greater fool;
  Now, pray don't call me rude:

"I've sought, indeed, but never found
  Till now a greater clown;
This cap becomes your Majesty
  Far more than does your crown."

OF THE ALPHABET.

It is by no means improbable that some of our readers on glancing at the above title may be tempted to exclaim, "The Alphabet! What can there possibly be to say about that?"

At first sight, we grant, the subject does not promise to be an interesting one, nor to offer a very wide field for profitable consideration. And yet nothing can be farther from the truth.

To begin at the beginning, with the Egyptian hieroglyphics. It must be remembered that these quaint symbols were not an alphabet in our sense of the word. All of them originally were meant to represent not sounds, but things or ideas.

The picture of a sail meant air, breath, the winds. The figure of a sharp-pointed knife stood, in the proper connections, for to cut, to prick, to kill, to whet.

But by degrees some of the hieroglyphs came to stand simply for sounds; they became what are called phonograms.

There seem to have been as many as four hundred phonograms, some of which stood for the sounds of entire words, others for the sounds of syllables, while some forty-five of them stood for still simpler sounds, and so had nearly an alphabetic value.

At a very early period, the Phœnicians, a great trading people, came from Tyre and Sidon, and had settlements in Egypt. Keenly alive to the value of written records, they managed to secure the advantages of the Egyptian writing without its tediousness and cumbrances; and of the enormous number of Egyptian signs they employed in a changed form only as many as they found necessary to express the sounds of their own language which was much the same as that of the Jews.

They left the hieroglyphs for ideas and those for words and for syllables alone; and out of the forty-five alphabetic symbols selected twenty-one of the most suitable.

To these twenty-one they probably added another of their own invention; and had now, for the first time in the history of the world, a single simple alphabet.

From this alphabet are derived not merely that which we all use, but all the alphabets of the world, directly or indirectly.

The Greeks believed that they learnt their letters from a Phœnician called Cadmus. That they got them from the Phœnicians with whom they traded, is certain.

The Greek colonists who settled in Italy took a form of their alphabet with them, and this the Romans borrowed. And from the Romans the nations of the greater part of modern Europe and America have obtained the alphabet now used by them.

We have not yet explained the word alphabet. The Egyptian hieroglyph which, when taken with alphabetic value, correspond to A, was a picture of an eagle with beak and claws complete, and was called "Ahom," the Egyptian word for eagle.

That corresponding to our B was the picture of a crane, very graphically drawn.

The Phœnicians slightly changed their A, however, from the drawing of the eagle, and making a kind of triangle with points projecting, called it "Aleph" the Phœnician word for ox. Perhaps they saw in the symbol as they made it a resemblance to the head and horns of an ox.

The word "Aleph" in Greek became "Alpha" (a word that has no meaning in Greek), and "Beth"—"house" in Phœnician—was made "Beta," also quite unmeaning to Greek ears; and so the noble name of alphabet is a contracted form of "Alpha-beta," Greek corruptions of "Aleph-beth," Phœnician and Hebrew words for "ox" and "house."

However this may be, we yet owe a heavier debt of gratitude than we can easily realise to the Romans, who passed on the obligation from Greek colonists, they from Phœnician trading sailors, and they from Egyptian priests of a time long prior to the Hebrew exodus.

And if the letters have seen various forms, it is no less true that the mode of writing has varied considerably.

At one time the scribe wrote in vertical columns, from the top of the page to the bottom, as is the custom in China and Japan to-day; at other times he wrote from right to left, a method adopted in the very early Greek inscriptions; at other times, again, in the style technically known as "boustrophedon," that is, in the manner of an ox ploughing furrows in a field, beginning a fresh line on the same side on which the last left off; and finally, sometimes he wrote from left to right, as we do now, each line commencing immediately beneath its predecessor.

It is a far cry from the sands of Gizeh to Philadelphia; but if King Cheops, who built the Great Pyramid, were now to be shown a page of the Post, he would actually see, though he would probably fail to recognise in the letters before him, the descendants of those pictorial hieroglyphs that were in common use in his day.

The command about bearing one another's burdens is to be obeyed by imagining ourselves in others' circumstances, just as, before we blame a traveller for going slowly, we ought to lift his load, to see how fast and how far he ought to travel under such a weight. We shall find one Christian, for instance, who has been brought up without any religious advantages. How absurd it would be to expect from him equal progress with one who had had Divine truth instilled into his heart from childhood! Another has obstacles in his way from the opposition of his family to all religion, and these form a hindrance of the power of which they can hardly conceive, who live in households where God is feared. Others, again, have strong passions and tempers which remained ungoverned for many a year before they became Christians, or evil habits which have long been unchecked, and it is not in reason to suppose that they will not have more to encounter than such as are naturally amiable and have ever been kept from gross indulgences.

Grains of Gold.

Nothing costs so much as what is given us.

No man knows the weight of another's burden.

He is exempt from failures that makes no efforts.

Faith is the flame that lifts the sacrifice to heaven.

Reprove thy friend privately; commend him publicly.

All exact knowledge depends upon exact measurement.

Repentance is heart's sorrow, with a clear life ensuing.

If you seek for a faultless friend you will be friendless all your life.

He who waits to do a great deal of good at once, will never do any.

When you receive a kindness, remember it; when you do one forget it.

Late repentance is seldom true, but true repentance is never too late.

No man can answer for his own valor or courage, till he has been in danger.

There is no right faith in believing what is true, unless we believe it because it is true.

In great cities the absent are already dead; and the dead as if they had never been.

Repentance, without amendment, is like continually pumping without mending the leak.

Fear to do base, unworthy things is valor; if they be done to us, to suffer them is valor too.

Where true religion has prevented one crime, false religions have afforded a pretext for a thousand.

Femininities.

Grumbling is food of little nourishment.

Never expose your disappointment to the the world.

Mme. Berndardit's latest pet is a big green lizard.

Mrs. M. Thomas is a practical shoemaker at Camas, Idaho.

New York ladies wear flowers in the street all the year.

The most manifest sign of wisdom is continued cheerfulness.

The inconvenience or the beauty of the blush, which is the greater?

Never retort a sharp or angry word. It is the second word that makes the quarrel.

Among the recently imported novelties in jewelry is a tiny gold watch in fan shape.

Queen Victoria's lately deceased house keeper, Mrs. Towham, left a fortune of $200,000.

At the banquet to Kaiser William at the Viennese court the ladies all kept their gloves on.

Sarah Norcross began work in a cotton factory in Lowell, Mass., in 1838, and is there now.

Fruit stains on white goods may be removed by pouring boiling water directly over the spot.

The most delicate and the most sensible of all pleasures consists in promoting the pleasure of others.

Love is the summary, the life, the inspiration of every good, the source and substance of eternal joy.

The last 95 babies born in Vanceburg, Ky., are all girls, and everybody is puzzled by the phenomenon.

There is only a distinction without a difference between an auburn-haired sweetheart and a red-headed wife.

Ladies' mantles are to be of such immense length and enveloping powers that the figure will be practically lost.

Miss Cronger: "I'm sure, dear, she talked scandal the whole time she stayed." Miss Lovelock: "Not to herself, dear, I presume."

The bold defiance of a woman is the certain sign of her shame; when she has once ceased to blush it is because she has too much to blush for.

The cheeriest person we saw to-day, says a Kansas paper, was a bright-eyed girl who goes around the world on a crutch earning her own living.

Whilst you are on earth enjoy the good things that are here (to that end were they given), and be not melancholy and wish yourself in heaven.

To cure a woman of stammering ask her what she thinks of the girl her husband came near getting engaged to a couple of years before she married him.

There is no change in the fashion of wedding cake. It is as black and heavy as usual, and guaranteed to produce the same distressing dreams.

Mouse jewelry is the latest caprice in the eccentric jewelry business. Bangles, rings for ear or finger, pins and pendants are decorated with a skilfully-modelled little animal.

For cleaning brass use a thin paste of plate powder, two tablespoonfuls of vinegar, four tablespoonfuls of alcohol. Rub with a piece of flannel; polish with chamois.

It ill becomes the girl of the period to adopt the "supercilious stare" when she is among people she does not know, but who often know all about her, and thus have the advantage.

Even a hen that misses a couple of her chicks is not such a beautifully true picture of flurry and worry as a woman looking for her gloves when she is otherwise all ready to go forth on a selling tour.

A contemporary wants to know in what age women have been held in the highest esteem. Well, anywhere from the age of 17 to 45. It depends a good deal on the woman, though. There have been very estimable and attractive women at 60.

Servant, to widow only recently bereaved: "There is an old-clothes man at the door, mum, what wants to know have you got any cast-off garments to sell?" Widow, with a burst of grief: "Ah, no, Bridget, not now, not now! Tell him to call a few days later."

"You would be sorry to lose your sister, wouldn't you, Johnny?" asked the visitor suggestively to the little boy who was entertaining him in the drawing-room. "Nope," replied Johnny. "I guess I could stand it, Mr. Hankinson. Maw says I've got to wear short pants till after Irene's married."

When a woman makes up her mind to attend a bargain sale she will get there. Lately on a city avenue seven women left seven baby carriages and six babies all in a row outside of a store while they went in to save money in buying tape, spool thread, hair-pins and other necessaries of life at a discount.

Oregon has a woman mail carrier. Her name is Miss Minnie Westman, and she carries Uncle Sam's mail from the head of navigation on Siuslaw river, over the Coast Range Mountains to Hale's Postoffice Station, within 15 miles of Eugene City. Her route is 20 miles long, and she travels it both night and day, and has never been molested by highwaymen.

"Ah, John," said a loving young wife, "it seems like tempting Providence for you to get your life insured—almost as if you were preparing for death, you know," and she cried a little on the collar of his new coat. "Don't be foolish, little one," he gently remonstrated; "if I should die suddenly you would have $5,000 to keep the wolf from the door." "5,000, John!" she said, with a convulsive sob; "I thought you were to get insured for $10,000!"

Masculinities.

Emperor William smokes cigarettes.

Be ashamed of nothing but your own errors.

Sheakespeare spelled his name in 43 different ways.

Sensible opinions—Those which coincide with our own.

We make way for the man who boldly pushes past us.

Let the business of others alone and attend to your own.

Beware of a man who seems to doubt your married happiness.

True happiness is cheap, did we apply to the right merchant for it.

Rest satisfied with doing well, and leave others to talk as they will.

Be civil and obliging to all; it costs nothing and is worth much.

If men would consider the end of sin they would shun the beginning of it.

Remember that, valuable as is the gift of speech, silence is often more valuable.

The difficult part of good temper consists in forbearance and accommodation to the ill-humor of others.

Do not expect too much from others, but forbear and forgive, as you desire forbearance and forgiveness yourself.

If we are in doubt what to do, it is a good rule to ask ourselves what we shall wish on the morrow that we had done.

Hurry and worry, which usually go together, ruin more lives and destroy more happiness than any amount of systematic labor.

An empty kettle never leaks; and many a man obtains a reputation for virtue simply because he has never been exposed to temptation.

I shall add to my list as the eighth deadly sin, that of anxiety of mind, and resolve not to be pining and miserable when I ought to be grateful and happy.

A prize at a rifle competition among the volunteers of Maldon, England, was a lady's gold wedding ring, with the additional "guarantee of a free marriage fee."

In Durham, England, on Easter Monday, the men claim still the privilege of taking off the women's shoes, the women retaliating on the following Tuesday.

"How beautifully your wife always dresses!" said one gentleman to another. "Yes," sighed the husband; "I only wish she'd dress my dinner half as well."

Much as worthy friends add to the happiness and value of life, we must in the main depend on ourselves, and everyone is his own best friend or worst enemy.

That the writer of a communication to the editor is ashamed to attach his name is proof that he himself does not think very highly of it. How, then, can he expect others to?

Learn to be pleased with everything. With wealth so far as it makes us beneficial to others; with poverty for not having much to care for, and with obscurity for being unenvied.

No one can take less pains than to hold his tongue. Hear much, and speak little; for the tongue is the instrument of the greatest good and the greatest evil that is done in the world.

Affection can withstand very severe storms of rigor, but not a long polar frost of downright indifference. Love will subsist on wonderfully little hope, but not altogether without it.

Be not diverted from your duty by any idle reflection the silly world may make upon you; their censures are not in your power, and consequently should not be any part of your concern.

He who with strong passions remains chaste—he who, keenly sensitive, with manly power of indignation in him, can yet restrain himself and forgive—these are strong men, spiritual heroes.

Miss Spinster: "Really, Mr. Oldboy, you are so kind!" Mr. Oldboy: "Don't mention it, Miss Spinster. I dance with you, you know, because the others are all too young for a man of my years."

A man's want of beauty is of small account if he be not deficient in other amiable qualities, for there is no conquest without the affections, and what mole can be so blind as a woman in love!

The following consolation was recently sent to a widower's child: "Cease weeping, child—why mourn the loss of your departed mother? Before another year goes by you'll likely have another!"

The late Prince Schwarzenberg, whose landed estates were so enormous as to be called the Schwarzenberg Empire, left a fortune of $50,000,000, from which a sum of $400 was bequeathed to the poor of Vienna. This was his sole charitable bequest.

Count Tolstoi, the Russian novelist, was found by a visitor at his country place engaged in repairing the cottage of one of his tenants. The Count was kneading clay in a large tub, into which a peasant woman was shoveling it. The Count's daughter was spinning string for binding straw to thatch the roof.

A novel advertising scheme was lately introduced by a shoemaker in a leading thoroughfare. A series of prodigious boot tracks were painted leading from each side of the square to his establishment. The scheme worked to perfection, for everybody seemed curious enough to follow them to their destination.

An old gentleman living in Chicago entered the connubial state for the fourth time not long since. During the ceremony sobs were heard in an adjoining room, which led a guest to inquire what was the matter, whereupon a little boy answered: "It's only Maria; she always cries when papa get's married."

Recent Book Issues.

In "John Winter," the famous English author Edward Gaarett has written an unusually powerful work. It is the tale of a prodigal life, strong in its pictures of the work of passions, good and bad, forceful in the lessons it teaches with such skilfully arranged interest, and withal made beautiful and tender if somewhat sad, by the heroic life sacrificing patience and love of a noble woman. Whether read only as a novel, or for something better and deeper, it is a tale that is interesting, and is healthy for both head and heart. Dodd, Mead & Co., publishers, New York. For sale by Lippincott.

The season for holiday books is now in full swing, and the specimens being turned out by some of the leading publishing houses, are veritable gems of art. No firm in the trade has done better in this respect than E. P. Dutton & Co., 31 W. 23rd St., New York. Their productions in variety, class and adaptation to all tastes and prices this year is far beyond even their past efforts. Among their notable works is: "Onward: A Text-Book for Every Day in the Week," made up of appropriate poetical selections and beautiful colored illustrations in oil and water colors on each of its thirty pages. Price 50 cents. Another of their works is "A Snow Baby, Merry Rhymes for Pleasant Times," by G. C. Bingham, different in style, as the title indicates, but in its beautiful pictures equal to the first named. Price 50 cents. "Familiar Rhymes from Mother Goose, with New Pictures," by Chester Loomis, is another of their creditable holiday productions. Mother Goose in a thousand shapes is no novelty, and this fact only makes the wonder greater that the artist and publisher have succeeded in turning out such a good selection of the rhymes and such new, quaint and finely colored pictures to make them additionally enjoyable. The book is a large quarto of forty-eight pages, the pictures being all full page. Price $2.00. Not a word of praise applied to any or all of the above is out of place when given to "Old Father Santa Claus' Picture Book," by Lizzie Mack and Robert Ellice Mack. The subject is one that is full of beautiful suggestions and the artists in their charming illustrations have made the numerous pages fairly speak with life, pleasure and happiness. Price $1.50. "The Bells," by Edgar Allen Poe, issued by the same house, is a somewhat more ambitious venture. The full-page pictures of this well-known poem are in photo-lithograph, and full of beauty and originality. Price 75 cents All these books are for sale by Porter & Coates.

FRESH PERIODICALS.

The November *Century* begins the thirty-seventh volume of the magazine; and the number is made notable by the beginning of several new series, or magazine "features." The most important of these is the first instalment of *The Century* Gallery of Old Masters, engraved by T Cole. Another series begun in November is Mr. Cable's "Strange True Stories of Louisiana;" "The Romance of Dollard," is by Mrs. Catherwood, illustrated. "Pictures of the Far West," a full-page engraving, is also given. Among the leading contributions are interesting instalments of the life of Lincoln and George Kennan's highly important papers on the Siberian exile system. "The Guilds of the City of London" are described by Norman Moore and profusely illustrated by Joseph Pennell: Julia Schayer contributes a story entitled "Mistaken Premises;" Dr. Robinson asks "Where was the Place called Calvary;" Murat Halstead has a paper on "Gravelotte Witnessed and Revisited," accompanied by numerous illustrations; Dr. Lyman Abbot writes of "The New Reformation." There are some excellent poems. Other contributions include "Bird Music; The Loon," "Mammy's Li'l' Boy," a negro dialect crooning song, illustrated, "Memoranda on the Civil War," "Open Letters," etc. The Century Co., New York.

The November number of *St. Nicholas* begins a new volume of this favorite magazine for young people. It opens with a charming sketch of girl life in the West, written and illustrated by Mary Hallock Foote Mary E. Wilkins gives the remarkable experience of "Ann Mary," who had two Thanksgiving Days in one year, and from Octave Thanet there is a thrilling story of the reconciliation between two men at feud, and how it was brought about by the "Lord of Peace." Cecil Franklyn tells us of the success of "'Little Lord Fauntleroy' as a Play in London," and John J. a Becket relates the romantic story connected with "The Carving over the Sally port" on Fort Columbus in New York Harbor. "Great Japan; the Sunrise Kingdom," and its changes through the revolution of 1868, is the subject of a short paper by Ida C. Hodnett: the experiences of Miranda, who spent part of Thanksgiving Day "In a Cellar," are described by Martha Wolcott Hitchcock, and "Elsie's Invention" of a self-adjusting, back-acting, hammocky-easy rocking-chair is justly celebrated by Charles Ledyard Norton. The many other things in this number are of equal interest, including several charming poems. It is unusually rich in illustrations, which is saying a great deal. The Century Co., New York.

THE delicious fragrance, refreshing coolness, and soft beauty imparted to the skin by Pozzoni's Powder, commends it to all ladies.

WHAT DID THE DOG SEE?

IT has often been said that animals have as keen a perception and as quick an appreciation as man himself of anything out of the usual order of things, or partaking in any way of a perternatural character

Whether the whole animal creation are endowed with this sagacity, it is impossible to say, and would be equally impossible to prove; but as regards dogs and horses at anyrate—if we are to believe the many stories which are related on the very best authority—it is certain that those animals have been the first to recognize—and to testify, by their fright and terror, the force of such recognition—that they are in the presence of something beyond their ken; and the next step is, with true animal sagacity, to seek safety in flight, with the usual accompaniment of scared looks, and dropped tails and ears and drooped head.

In the following curious narrative, a remarkable instance is given of a dog having evidently seen something, not seen by either his master or his mistress, which evidently at first caused him great delight, but which, on closer investigation, turned out to be empty space, and produced in the dog all the signs of abject fear. The peculiar circumstances of the story, which were related to the writer by a friend, whose word he can have no reason to doubt, are simply these:

A young lady whom we may call Miss Frauks, was on a visit to a family of name and position, Colonel and Mrs. Gordon who occupied a large mansion in one of the home counties.

They possessed a favorite setter, a pet of everynody, but especially of Miss Frauks, who was as fond of the dog as she of her. Wherever Miss Frauks went, walking, driving or riding, Flora was sure to be close at hand.

And in the drawing-room, the dog would sit by Miss Frauks' side, lay her long white nose on the lady's knee, and look up earnestly in her face, making that peculiar sort of snoring noise in the nose, which pet dogs often attempt, either to attract attention or to express love.

If, however, Flora was accidently shut out of any room in which Miss Frauks happened to be, she would scratch at the door and whine and cry in a pitiful manner until the door was opened.

Miss Frauks had been staying with Colonel and Mrs. Gordon about three or four weeks, when she became suddenly ill, and determined to return without delay to her home in the adjoining county.

Thither she was removed in an invalid carriage; but although she received every possible care and attention, she appeared to get no better; her malady was increasing daily.

About a month after Miss Frauks had left Colonel Gordon's house, he and his wife were one day sitting in their morning-room, which looked out upon an extensive lawn

The bells of the neighboring village church had begun to ring for the usual matins, the time being a quarter before ten, and the colonel and his wife were preparing to attend, according to their regular custom, when they observed Flora—who was lying apparently asleep close to the open glass doors leading to the lawn—raise her head quickly, and with cocked ears and straining eyes, look intently down the lawn, as if she saw something there which attracted her attention.

All at once she jumped up and bounded over the grass, and commenced leaping up two or three times, expressing all those signs of canine joy usually exhibited on meeting, after an absence, some specially loved object.

In a moment, however, the dog ceased her gestures, dropped her tail and head, manifesting every sign of abject fear, and rushed back to the house, into the room, and crawled under the sofa, whence neither calling or coaxing on the part of Mrs. Gordon could induce her to stir.

About two hours later on in the day, a telegram was received by Mrs. Gordon containing the sad and unexpected intelligence of the death of Miss Frauks at a quarter to ten that morning.

It may fairly be asked what could have caused the dog suddenly to start up and rush down the lawn with all the outward demonstrations of intense joy usually exhibited on seeing and meeting a loved friend?

Flora, without a doubt must have seen something, or fancied she saw something, though invisible to the eyes of man, but finding it had no tangible substance, her canine instinct told her that it was unnatural and unusual, and hence fear took the place of joy, and she sought refuge in flight.

That the object of these tokens of love on the part of the dog should have passed to her rest the identical moment they were exhibited by the faithful and attached Flora is a coincidence regarding which we will not pretend to offer an opinion.

THY love shall chant itself its own beatitudes, after its own life working. A child-kiss, set on thy sighing lips, shall make thee glad; a poor man, served by thee, shall make thee rich; a rich man, helped by thee, shall make thee strong; thou shalt be served thyself by very sense of service which thou renderest.

IF you want to cure a cough, use Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup, the reliable remedy. 25 cts.

SALVATION OIL is the cheapest and best pain cure on earth. Price only 25 cts. a bottle.

SOMETHING OF COMBS.

AS an interesting proof that the toilet has always occupied the attention of the human species, even to a more paramount degree than dress or any other article of personal adornment, reference need only be made to the fact that, just as the toys of children, the weapons of soldiers, and the horses of the Chinese, so also was it anciently the custom to bury with the dead the combs that were so much cherished during life.

Originally the Greeks and Romans imitated the boxwood combs of the Egyptians; later, however, they made them of ivory, which was sometimes gilt; thenceforward, down to the Middle Ages, ivory constituted the sole material used.

But this was not all. The combs of the classical ancients were double, about four inches long and six inches wide, one side being composed of large, the other of thin short teeth—exactly resembling in fact, a modern small tooth-comb—while the solid centre portion was invariably set off with studded and inlaid work, or extravagantly carved in bas-relief.

The thirteenth century witnessed a change, not only in the quality, but also in the form of combs; since then it was that the custom first arose of wearing combs in the hair instead of pins.

Previously combs had been used only for adjusting the hair, which explains why gold combs among the ancients, except such as were merely gilt, were quite unknown, whereas in mediæval times they became quite common. Thus, in the place of wood or ivory, combs of pure gold, elaborately set with gems, and having only a slight row of teeth, were abundantly displayed.

There exists not the slightest doubt that combs, properly so called, originated with the Egyptians. Yet, even among the rudest tribes of the earth, some species of a toothed instrument answering the purpose of a comb, or, let us surmise, sometimes only the fingers must have been passed through the hair to prevent it from growing into a knotted, entangled mass, which would otherwise be inevitable.

Among savages of the present day, also, it is noticeable that the hair is invariably arranged in a manner that betrays more or less attention, although while pins of every description, may be conspicuous, no form of comb is ever actually worn.

In France, combs attained their most elaborate state during the days of Louis XVI., when hairdressing became raised to an art, and tortoiseshell combs, richly inlaid with gold and pearls, formed an essential adjunct to the costume of the Court beauties of Versailles.

The only country where the wearing of combs at the present day is at all encouraged amongst ladies is Spain. The late Earl of Beaconsfield has left the following lively description of their character, and the mode in which they are worn.

Speaking of the ladies in the land of orange groves, he says: "They are remarkable for the beauty of their hair. Of this they are proud, and, indeed, its luxuriance is equalled only by the attention they lavish on its culture. I have seen a young girl of about fourteen whose hair reached to her feet, and was as glossy as the curl of a Countess.

"All day long, even the lowest order was brushing, curling and arranging it. A fruit woman has her hair dressed with as much care as the Duchess of Osuna. In summer they do not wear their mantilla over their heads, but show their combs, which are of great size.

"The fashion of these combs varies constantly; every two or three months you may observe a new form. It is the part of the costume of which the woman is most proud. The moment that a new comb appears, even a servant woman will run to the mercer with her old one, and thus at the cost of a dollar or two, appear the next holiday in the newest style. The combs are worn at the back of the head. They are tortoiseshell, and with the fashionable they are white."

Modern American, English, French and German combs, used for toilet purposes are, like the Spanish, mainly manufactured from the shell of the sea-tortoise, often of ivory, but most of all from Indiarubber, vulcanized.

EXTREMELY STRANGE.—The matrimonial customs of certain savage tribes are strange in the extreme. Convention restrains a Yoruba wife from either seeing or speaking to her husband if it can be avoided; and in the Aleutian Islands husbands and wives never interchange a word, though they are permitted to gaze at one another.

In some of the Fiji Islands it is etiquette for husbands and wives never to meet save in secret; and in the African kingdom of Futa wives are so bashful that, for three years after marriage, they invariably appear veiled in the presence of their husbands.

Among the Esquimaux a bride is always dragged by the old women of the tribe to her husband's house, no matter how willing she may privately be to go there without a struggle.

And among the Hos tribe in India, it is a point of honor, for a bride, immediately after her honeymoon, to return to her relations with a made-up story of her husband's cruelty and heartlessness, and to remain away from him until he comes and carries her back by force. The tendency of civilization seems, after all, to be to abolish conventionality.

THAT laughter costs too much which is purchased by the sacrifice of decency.

PLAY-GOING IN ITALY.—In Italy, we see play-going under a new phase. In France, play-going is a recreation; in Germany, it is a habit; in Italy, among the upper classes, it seems to be a social necessity. The theatres are at once the clubs and the drawing-rooms in Italy.

In all the chief cities of the peninsula, but more especially at Naples and Milan, people pay their visits, transact their business, and make their appointments at the theatre. Italians, as a rule, do not receive much at their homes. It is only at Florence and Genoa that the English customs of dinner-giving and party-giving prevail to any extent.

Speaking generally, the life which an Italian leads within doors is untidy and uncomfortable. He has no notion of entertaining visitors; looks upon his house as a shelter against wind and rain, dresses in it, sleeps in it, but goes for his enjoyment elsewhere.

At Milan, for instance, every man who has fifteen pounds sterling a year, or thereabouts to spare, takes a stall at Scala, and goes there with unvarying regularity every evening. The ladies have boxes, which they furnish as they please, some boxes sporting blue curtains, others red, others yellow, which gives the theatre a gay but somewhat tawdry appearance. If a lady boasts many friends, her box is filled with visitors from the beginning of a performance to the end.

Between the acts, her liveried footman, or footmen, hand round ices, fruit, and coffee; and at the fall of the curtain she and her guests, ten or a dozen in number, will often sup in the small boudoir which is attached to the box.

This is a pleasant way of enjoying the theatre; but for married men, whose wives have boxes, it is a very expensive one. No wonder, that after paying the ice bill, the coffee bill, the supper bill, the upholsterer's bill, and the milliner's bill, which the possession of a box entails, an Italian husband has small appetite for dinner giving.

NEW ETIQUETTE FOR CALLERS.—When you are ushered into a room, stare around and examine everything that happens to be lying about.

If a child or dog comes into the room while you are waiting, take it on your lap. If the child cries thereat, don't mind it. Children should learn to get acquainted with strangers.

If it is near the dinner hour when you call, don't hurry. The cook can put the dinner in the oven and keep it warm until you depart.

If you carry a cane, twirl it with your fingers. Should it fall and smash a vase or punch a hole in a picture, you can apologize.

If you happen to be seated near another caller, it is quite proper to turn your back on the individual. It shows you are independent.

Open the piano and begin to play, whether you have any skill or not. In fact, the less you know about playing the longer you should keep it up.

Handle all the ornaments and bric-a-brac in the room. You might take out a knife and cut off bits of the furniture a little to ascertain whether it be solid mahogany or a base imitation.

Pull out your watch every few minutes during conversation to see what time it is.

If you find the room too warm, open the windows. This gives the caller the appearance of feeling perfectly at home.

If you find the lady of the house about to go out, begin some long story. It will make her so happy to wait while you tell it.

After you have started to go, sit down again as often as you think of something more to say.

A VIRTUOUS and well-disposed person is like good metal—the more he is fired, the more he is fined; the more he is opposed, the more he is approved. Wrongs may well try him and touch him, but they cannot imprint on him any false stamp.

Wanamaker's.

PHILADELPHIA, November 5, 1888.

THERE ISN'T SUCH ANOTHER GATHERING OF DRESS Stuffs under any roof in America. There are stuffs as fine plenty of lower grades; but there isn't another store that keeps the variety in every grade from barely useful to rich, and where prices are so sure to be in the lowest pink.

Here's a line of Ladies' Suitings that will do to measure the whole stock by. Standard goods. Checks, small plaids—mostly invisible—dainty hair line stripes. 52 inches wide and A 1 for style, wear and weight, and the colors include

a brownish	a bluish
a greenish	a garnetish
a grayish	an olivish

each in a great variety of modest combinations. This is the price scale:

Ten $1 styles at 75 cents.
26 $1 30 styles at $1.
30 $1 75 styles at $1.50.

The new lots have just been opened; the new prices began at the same time. Without a whisper customers were quick to find the point.

HELPS THE HOME FITTING TO HAVE A DRESS FORM. Saves worry too. Skirt forms only $2 50, $3 and $3 50. With master mache bust, $5.50.

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EDISON'S INSTANTANEOUS
14 Tunes 1 Guide $1 MUSIC Sample Tune FREE
Any one can play the Piano or Organ at sight.
HARBACH & CO., 809 Filbert St., Philada.

Humorous.

A WONDERFUL CHANGE.

"The man I wed," the young girl said,
"Must be a noble cavalier,
Fit for romance, with shield and lance,
A noble heart, devoid of fear."

A year or two, that quickly flew,
Had changed the maiden's will in part.
"The man I wed," this time she said,
"Must be a man of loving heart."

Her beauty grew. Men sought to woo
And win the wayward little witch.
She tossed her head, and proudly said:
"The man I marry must be rich."

Years came and went; on riches bent,
She scorned the true hearts at her feet.
Her heart was steeled; she would not yield.
The dream of wealth was all too sweet.

So time sped on. Her youth had gone,
And still her maiden hand was free;
She hung her head at last and said,
"I wonder who will marry me?"

Sweet home—A beehive.

Sharpshooters—Aching teeth.

Branch establishment—A tree.

The central criminal court—Conscience.

Motto of the gardeners: "Lettuce plant.

A board bill—The carpenter's statement.

An unavoidable breach of the piece?—The stock of a gun.

How to shine in society—Wear the same dress-coat year after year.

A party question: "What time do you think they will have supper?"

An envelope is like a woman. It can't go anywhere without address.

"Teeth pulled while you wait," is the announcement made by a dentist.

A monopoly that no one complains of—A bore who keeps himself to himself.

If you ever find a stingy Quaker, make up to him; you will find him a close Friend.

A good constitution is like a money box. Its full value is never known till it is broken.

What is that which has got feet and nails, but no legs, toes, or claws?—A yard measure.

The lady whose blood curdled in her veins has ever since been very sour in her disposition.

An old toper being requested to define hard drinking, said, "'Tis sitting on a rock and sipping cold water."

Why should you never tell a man to take a back seat?—Because, if you do, he will be sure to take af-front.

What is the difference between a belle and a burglar?—The belle carries false locks, and the burglar carries false keys.

Don't beat your carpets. Try kindness and firmness, and if that doesn't keep them down, send for a policeman and have them taken up.

In the palmy days of Rome prize fights were fought with gloves loaded with lead. Seems to us that scrap iron would have been more appropriate.

Said a Scotchwoman to a physician who was pouring out ten drops of medicine for a child, "Dinna be so mean wi' it; it's for a puir fatherless bairn."

It is an astonishing fact, now mentioned in a public manner for the first time, that in the fall as well as in the spring, leaf by leaf the leaf leaves the tree.

Johnnie is just beginning to learn geography. He says that the Poles live partly on one end of the globe and partly at the other. He knows it is so because it is marked on the map.

A Hibernian, entering a menagerie, was asked if the pony he saw there was not a very small one. "Ah, faith," said Pat, "I've seen many a one in swate Ireland as little as two of him."

A country paper says that a young lady was recently discharged from one of the largest pickle factories in that neighborhood because she was so sweet she took the acid out of all the vinegar.

"Pa," said a lad to his father, "I have often read of people poor but honest: why don't they sometimes say, 'Rich, but honest?'" "Tut, tut, my son; nobody would believe them!" answered the father.

Old Smith, to weeping beggar boy: "What are you crying for, little boy?" Little boy: "Crying, sir, 'cause I wor afraid that you, as a noice benevolint old jintleman, would pass me without giving me a cent." Gets ten.

An intelligent youth, recently engaged in a commercial office, made out a shipping bill for "fourty" barrels of flour. His employer called his attention to the error in the spelling of forty. "Sure enough," replied the promising clerk, "I left out the fh."

"What did the doctor pronounce your ailment?" inquired the wife, with a tremor of anxiety in her tone, as she came into her husband's sick-room. "He pronounced it as if it were spelled bronkeetus!" exclaimed the indignant Bostonian, straightening himself up in bed, "and I requested him at once to make out his bill and go."

Jim and a young African companion were one day fishing from the wharves. His friend missed his footing, fell into the water and was drowned. Jim's grief was so uproarious that a sympathetic bystander inquired if the drowned boy was a relation. "No," said Jim, through his tears; "he warn't no relation, but he mout's well been—he had all de bait."

THE GIRLS OF JAPAN.—Throughout Japan it is the universal custom for young ladies, when arrived at the age of fourteen or fifteen, to be placed in what may be appropriately called a finishing establishment.

This establishment has the following among other peculiarities, namely: all the masters pay for the privilege of teaching, instead of (as is the case with us) being paid for their lessons. This makes the instruction a labor of love.

Then again, to a certain extent, a Japanese young lady is allowed considerable freedom as to the selection of her instructors; she generally prefers the best looking ones.

A lady principal of one of our finishing establishments for young ladies would be not a little surprised if she could be suddenly transported to Japan, there to study the peculiarities of the Japanese customs.

She would find herself, not in the close, pent-up room filled with girls sitting bolt upright each perched upon an educational stool, but in a delightful garden, fragrant with tea and flowers.

She would see a number of little summer-houses, embowered in the midst of these charming vegetable products, for which Japan is so justly celebrated, brought to perfection by the most exquisite horticulture.

She would see bright-eyed damsels, with cheeks pink as the roses, moving round her with graceful step, each bearing a small lacquer tray with tea and cakes. She would see these damsels, with joyous smile and modest mien, wending each her way to a summer-house.

In each of these summer-houses she would see a master or professor, either waiting the return of one of the refreshment bearing damsels, or else sitting by the side of one who had already come back.

Japanese girls remain in educational seminaries of this kind until marriage, and they make excellent wives.

RAILWAYS IN TEXAS.—A Northern man, evidently suffering from enlargement of the imagination, who recently returned from Texas, tells some amusing stories of railway service in the Lone Star State. One road running out of Houston possessed one locomotive and a single train of cars. The train would go to Houston one day, and would go to the other end of the line the next day.

The train would run off the track occasionally, and then the passengers would have to board with the nearest planter for a few days while the cars were lifted back on the rails.

The conductor considered it a matter of ordinary politeness to stop the train when a lady desired to gather a few wild flowers along the way.

One day a lady requested him to stop the train all night at a small station, where she had some friends whom she wanted to visit.

The conductor told her that the train would wait long enough for her to go and dine with her friends, but, as it was already behind time four hours, she would have to take the other passengers to dine with her in order to keep them from complaining to the superintendent of the road. The proposition was rejected by the lady, who rode on to Houston nursing her wrath.

ABUSE OF PRIVILEGE.—"I will be frank and truthful with you, my darling," said George, tenderly, "as I always intend to be after we are married. You are not beautiful, but you have more good sense than all the pretty girls I know put together."

"And I, too, will be frank and truthful," replied Amanda. "You don't know as much as a last year's bird's nest, but you have a larger mouth and keep it open longer at a time than any man I ever saw."

She smiled like an angel when she ceased to speak, and somehow, George himself began to wonder whether this franking privilege couldn't be carried to excess.

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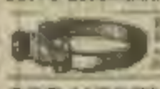

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GOOD-BYE, my Lover, Good-Bye, &c

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For her special fitness for the duties of this office, Mrs. De Saussure receives the most emphatic endorsement of the Institute.

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Mrs. De Saussure will be at her residence, as above, after September 1st, where she will be pleased to meet the parents of punils who wish to apply for membership of her family.

Meanwhile she may be addressed care of Packer Collegiate Institute, Brooklyn, New York.

Mrs. De Saussure cites, by permission, the following

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Latest Fashion Phases.

It is not to be wondered at that the shops are showing every description of outdoor garment either lined or trimmed with fur. Cloth jackets with revers, collars and cuffs of beaver, differ but little from those worn last winter; in some there is only one revers, others have two, and the jackets are made short and tight-fitting as a rule.

Sealskin jackets are chiefly made with straight fronts, longer than the back, and cut in a rounded point. Some sealskin jackets are slightly double-breasted, and the right side is turned back at the top to form a small revers: others again are fastened in a bias line from the left shoulder, with large buttons covered with sealskin, or with a row of little white fur cats' heads.

Small brown and white fur heads of animals are used for fastening and ornamenting all kinds of fur vetements and smaller articles, for such as hats and muffs, are decorated with the funny little heads. It is a fashion that will soon be overdone, however, and will go out as speedily as it has arisen.

Large loose wraps of colored cloth are made with long hanging sleeves, or with open bell sleeves and are lined throughout with fur, and many elegant visites are trimmed with fur or with bands and boas of feathers.

At present the most popular furs are fox, beaver and sealskin, but trimmings such as bands, trimmings of ostrich feathers, are extremely fashionable for demi-saison wear.

An immense quantity of braiding is worn; many straight fronted jackets of striped cloth, with open fronts turned back to show a tight-fitting pointed waistcoat, covered with a mass of braiding, or else with simpler military braiding down each side of the centre fastening. The sleeves and collar, and sometimes the edge of the jacket are braided to match.

For winter dresses, red serge or cloth, braided with black, is fashionable in combination with navy or black serge.

In Directoire costumes the tablier is braided all over, or in a broad band at the edge only, and the waistcoat, revers, collar and cuffs are all of the red material braided with black.

In draped costumes a portion of the skirt, wherever it is exposed by the draperies, whether in front or on one side, the bodice ornaments, are of red serge or cloth, braided with black, and in some dresses the draped tunic is turned back with a braided red revers. Ladies have, in fact, only to choose the style of their costume, and may begin braiding the ornaments without loss of time.

Serge and cloth dresses are frequently made with the skirt in broad pleats, the back part being slightly draped at the top, but without tunics.

For indoor wear there is a plain pointed bodice, and for outdoor wear a short jacket of the same material, tight-fitting at the back, but open in front over a full plastron of cream flannel, or over a pointed waistcoat of some other material, or in a different color.

Blouse bodices of plain or striped flannel are still much worn, and many of them open in front over a plain chemisette of cream flannel. The top is turned back like a rolled collar and revers, the high collar being joined to the chemisette. The bodices are most useful in dark color with a variety of chemisettes in cream and light colors that can be changed at will. They are worn by girls at all ages, from twelve years old and upwards.

Bordered materials, that is to say, bordered woolens, will be very much worn; they require good draping, but are not very difficult to arrange well and effectively. In some the border is a plain narrow band along one selvedge, but in the better class of materials the border is half a yard deep, and takes the form of a more or less elaborate pattern in many colors.

Large chequered woolens are also made up as draped skirts, or as the draped tablier between the widely opened fronts of a plain cloth redingote. Nothing, however, as yet is more fashionable than the plain habit cloths, in an immense variety of colors, especially dull blues and greens of every description.

Bonnets show no disposition to increase in size; the best models for the season are of embroidered materials, and many are still ornamented with a series of ruches or bouillonnes of tulle and gauze in various colors and placed on the brim and under it.

The bouillonne that rests on the hair is generally white, pale pink or straw color, the rest are in beige, grey, heliotrope, green, combined with black. A very good model is in dark green velvet; the crown is draped, but the brim is flat and bent down at the sides. A thick jetted cord hides the join at the foot of the crown, and a row of jet beads borders the brim; the trimming consists of a plume of green and black feathers fastened in on the left side with jet ornaments.

Very pretty bodices for evening wear, are made of silk and cut low; round the waist is a broad straight band of velvet passed through a buckle; the upper part is almost entirely concealed under a draped fichu of white net with embroidered spots, edged with a full flounce of white lace.

The left side is draped in full folds from the shoulder, and ends on the right side of the chest, the right side is draped nearly straight from the shoulder, and at the chest, and is tucked in under the band. At the back the fichu is rounded and half high.

Tea-gowns in Directoire and Empire styles, more or less modified, will be very fashionable, as the season advances a little. In most of these the corsage is open in front and shaped like a very short jacket, turned back at the top with large revers.

The short jacket fronts end at the side in a long redingote skirt, which is continued in full pleats round the back. The bodice and skirt under the redingote fronts are of lace or any soft supple fabric, draped in diagonal folds across the bust, and more irregularly below the waist. The inevitable wide sash, folded round the waist under the redingote and tied with long ends on one side.

Very handsome dinner dresses are contrived in the same way with open redingotes of plain rich silk, with skirts, revers, and other ornaments of brocade in large patterns.

Broche and other figured silks are also used for similar redingotes with short open jacket fronts, over finely pleated bodices and skirts of soft silk, very fine woolen, or crepe de Chine. The widely open skirts of the redingote leaving the wide tablier between, are almost invariably adopted with dresses intended for either indoor or dinner wear.

Never were the trimmings used on hats and bonnets more varied than at present. Even ribbons, which has long been the most favored garniture, are displayed in an endless variety of new and beautiful designs and make.

Watered ribbons are now superseded by rich ribbon velvet in all widths; the latter are suitable for autumn and winter wear, and the manufacturers have surpassed themselves in their production this season.

Also there are many new and rich fancy ribbons, Oriental patterns on plain grounds. Also there are many new and rich fancy ribbons, Oriental patterns on plain grounds of all the new shades with threads of gold and silver woven in the patterns. These last are chiefly used as bands to the crowns of hats and bonnets, and are a pretty contrast to full bows of ribbons and velvet.

Apropos of bows, an entire change has taken place; full compact styles has succeeded the wild-looking high loops and ends, and are a manifest improvement in this popular trimming. Several French hats have bows on them entirely of the rosette character.

A pretty garniture for the new Harlequin felt hat is composed of two ribbons, one of each shade in the hat, the lighter laid within the dark, and both drawn up together into a very handsome bow on the crown.

Birds and wings will be more used than ever this season, notwithstanding all that has been said and written against what is called this "cruel fashion." A little inconsistency is often here displayed. People say, "Oh! I would not wear a bird for anything," while they have not the least objection to a beautiful pair of wings nestling in the folds of a hat to make it more becoming. Fashion certainly demands birds this season.

Odds and Ends.

CONCERNING THE CANARY.

There are a great variety of canaries, though all derive from one common stock, and whether the bird be a German, a Belgian, or a Norwich, a cinnamon or a mealy, splashed or crested, or a mule, it will require the same food and treatment.

The cock canary should have a long body, a bold, fearless look, and an upright bearing. The hen is rounder in body and smaller, but both birds should possess a bright eye, smoothed, unruffled plumage, with a brisk, cheerful movement and manner.

With regard to color, there are as many tints as there are tastes. They range from almost white up to a deep cinnamon, and each has its fanciers; but we may inform our readers that the deep yellow which is noticed among the birds of the professional breeders in a canary show is produced by mixing Cayenne pepper in their food a few weeks before exhibition.

But before alluding to food we will draw attention to a subject that we have no hesitation in saying is of the greatest importance in successful bird-keeping, and that is cleanliness. There are more cage birds suffering from the lack of that one thing than all other diseases put together, simply because their owners are not aware of what is afflicting them, or else do not know how to get rid of the evil.

The great pest of the cage bird is the parasite, which is always found in a wooden cage of a certain age, and in most metal ones.

When the insects commence to worry the bird, he is at first restless and upset, then, if not relieved, he leaves off singing, and neglects his food, in some cases the feathers come out, the bird becomes thin, pines away and dies.

The best way of grappling with this nuisance is to have two cages, and twice a year, or whenever necessary, dust a little insect podwer under the bird's wings and feathers, and place him in a new cage.

Then limewash the old cage thoroughly, pushing the brush into all corners, cracks and crevices where the minutest microscopical insect could lodge its smallest egg, and put it away in a dry, clean place until again wanted.

Limewash is composed of a little lime, slaked and mixed in a pail or big basin with enough water to bring it to the consistency of cream. A small glue brush will do very well for putting it on.

It must be remembered that these insects vary very much in size, and some are almost invisible to the naked eye. Therefore no part of the cage should be neglected.

Canaries are very fond of bathing, and the matutinal tub will not only keep them in health, but assist in staying the ravages of the parasites.

A bath made to hang outside the cage door is an excellent institution, and may be bought at bird stores, but where this cannot be obtained, a small soap dish or any similar vessel that can be got in through the cage door will answer the same purpose.

The best time to introduce the bath is in the morning, when you remove the tray bottom of the cage in order to cleanse it. Then Dicky can splash about, which he generally does, and not do any harm.

The tray should be cleansed every day; and now there arises a point upon which a great number of canary keepers are in error, and that is with regard to the sand they sprinkle on the bottom of the cage.

The majority of lady bird fanciers use the finest sand they can obtain, which is absolute cruelty to the bird, and renders it impossible for him to remain in very good health.

Fine gravel should be employed, mixed with sand you will catch the dropping; but the real object of the supply being to introduce small pebbles into the gizzard in order to assist the bird in digesting its food, the reader will at once perceive that fine sand is out of little use.

With regard to feeding, ladies' birds, as a rule do not obtain a sufficient change of diet. Of course canary and rape seeds are very good food, but it is beef and bread, and yet we should become mighty tired of it if we had nothing else to eat from year's end to year's end.

Canary seed should be the basis, and with that should be mixed summer rape or a little linseed, or a small amount of hemp, poppy, maw or moss seed, the latter to be given chiefly in winter, being heating.

In order to keep a bird in health, he requires also a small amount of green stuff every day, in the shape of groundsell, chickweed, lettuce, endive, or watercress, according to season and opportunity, and the plantain when in seed is also a good thing to give them.

A small portion occasionally of sponge cake, hard-boiled eggs, sugar, biscuit, or anything of a similar kind, will also act as a change, and assist in keeping him in good spirits.

A GEORGIA editor makes the following announcement in his local columns: "We have on hand an excellent clothes washer, which we have got for a year's advertising. As we have no clothes to wash, we are offering the thing for sale cheap."

He that waits for repentance waits for that which cannot be had as long as it is waited for. It is absurd for a man to wait for that which he himself has to do.

Confidential Correspondents.

NED.—The letter "a" in Italian is pronounced as in the word "star," not as in the word "plate."

MAMIE L.—We should consider the gentleman prefers not to keep up the correspondence, and should let it drop.

AMATEUR.—A preparation can be bought at any theatrical costumier's for blacking the face which will in no way injure or stain the skin.

JEREMIAH.—The heaviest gun that has ever been manufactured has been recently cast at the works of Herr Krupp at Essen. Its weight is 150 tons.

A. J.—Bells were in use amongst the Greeks and Romans. The earliest stated record of them is the year 400, when they were introduced by Paulina, Bishop of Campagna.

F. G.—There are three rivers in the world called Rio Grande,—one in Mexico, one in Brazil, and one in Africa; there is also a province of Brazil which bears the name of Rio Grande do Norte.

REX.—Under the Homestead laws any citizen, or intending citizen, has the right to 160 acres of the $1.25 land or 80 acres of the $2.50 land after an actual settlement and cultivation of the same for five years.

U. N. C.—To one who has acquired some knowledge of Latin, Italian would be a much easier language than German. It is, indeed, so much like the tongue of the ancient Romans that it has been described as softened Latin.

RAMBLER.—1. The Orthography is the branch of grammar which relates to the spelling of words. The term is derived from two Greek words, signifying "right" and "writing." 2. A copyist is, as the name implies, one who makes copies of documents.

MRS. S. R.—You can get the book by writing to any book-store. We do not print the name of business houses in this column, but if there is no store in your neighborhood, send us a postal card addressed to yourself and we will tell you where you will get it.

CLARE.—1. The words "Not dead, but gone before," occur in "Human Life," by Samuel Rogers. In an old collection of epitaphs, an epitaph is given "On Mary Angell at Stepney, who died 1681," in which this line appears, "Not lost, but gone before." 2. Good

NELLY F.—The duties of a companion abroad vary according to the social position of the lady by whom she is engaged; as a rule she writes letters, reads aloud, assists in entertaining guests, and makes herself generally useful and ampsing. The institution does not exist on an extensive scale in America.

G. O. P.—Both "Rigdum Funnidos" and "Aldiborontophoscophornio"—the nicknames Sir Walter Scott gave to the brothers Ballantyne—are taken from H Carey's burlesque "Chrononhotonthologos." The last-named was a king, the first-named was a courtier, and the second-named was the queen.

H. G.—Liquid glue can be made by breaking into small pieces three parts of ordinary glue, and then covering it with eight parts of water, which should be left to stand for some hours. Next add one-half of hydrochloric acid and three-fourths of sulphate of zinc, and expose the whole to a temperature equal to from 176 degrees to 194 degrees F. for ten or twelve hours. Allow the compound to settle and then bottle.

J. B.—The best authorities on the subject say that the churning should not be done at the same temperature when the weather gets cold. The cream must be warmer, 62 degrees in summer, 66 degrees in autumn and 67 degrees to 69 degrees in winter. Over-sour cream will make poor butter. There is a great waste in churning cream fresh skimmed. 2. A ring, piece of jewelry, book, some music, fancy reading lamps, etc., are all appropriate gifts under the circumstances. The article, however, should be good and not too expensive.

WATERPROOF.—We give you the best method we know for making your calico rainproof. It will be well to try a small piece first, as you require it soft; all methods of waterproofing stiffen to an extent, but we think this will not be too stiff for your purpose. Mix an ounce of ground yellow ochre with a pint of boiled oil; lay the material flat, and apply the mixture with a brush (a boot or clothes brush); let the first coat get dry; then apply a second; one ounce of paint driers added to the oil will help to dry the first coat quicker; the oil must be very thinly applied, or it will not dry quickly.

R. R. B.—You are very foolish to think about the matter at all. The old saying is all that has survived of the superstition that it is unlucky for a woman to marry a man whose surname begins with the same letter as her own:

"To change the name and not the letter,
Is a change for the worse and not for the better."

June was the month that the ancients considered most propitious for marriages, especially if the day chosen were that of the full moon, or the conjunction of the sun and moon. The month of May was to be avoided as under the influence of spirits adverse to happy households. Ovid says:

"Let maid or widow that would turn to wife
Avoid the season dangerous to life:
If you mind old saws, mind this I say,
'Tis bad to marry in the month of May.'"

ANXIOUS.—We hope you may never have more serious occasion for anxiety than ignorance as to whether king or emperor is the higher title. The latter is the highest of all titles for dignity, and is possessed by only three European sovereigns—viz., those of Austria, Germany, and Russia, except Queen Victoria, who in 1877 assumed the designation of Empress of India. The word comes from the Latin imperium, the commander of an army. It was borne by the Roman consuls when actually in military command, but they had to lay it aside when once they had re-entered the wall of Rome. It was the title of Julius Cæsar as commander-in-chief of the Roman armies, and from him it passed to his successors, the emperors ff. The reference in Shakespeare's version of Mark Antony's oration over the dead body of Julius Cæsar to the dead dictator's will is not without historical warrant. The great general left seventy-five drachmas, or nearly fifteen dollars in our money, to every citizen, and also bequeathed to the public his gardens on the Tiber.